"THE BLACK PHANTOM," A THRILLING PIONEER STORY IN NEXT LEDGER. READ ALSO "RIFLE AND CABIN," A RATTLING HUNTING STORY FOR BOYS.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 52. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1909. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

GREETING!
To all dear children everywhere, to every human creature in the land, the Ledger sends a Happy Christmas Greeting. May you have joy and health and live long and love much and be loved in return. The Ledger.
André Bowles

HIS CHRISTMAS DREAM

The Mysterious Cousin;

Or, THE TRAGEDY OF A NIGHT

By J. M. Merrill

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 46, November 27. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

DONALD HUDDLESTONE had been a week in the jail at Washtenong, where he was held without bail to answer at the next term of court for the willful murder of Gideon Lake.

Minwaring had engineered the affair without consulting his friends.

None of them were very much surprised however. Gregerson sought the old man in his den after the arrest and hatched all plans.

"I have convincing evidence of his guilt, Volney," declared old Karl. "The infernal machine did the business and we shall soon see the villain where he belongs, in the penitentiary for life."

The land-grabber had not the enthusiastic faith of his friend. There were some things in connection with the case which puzzled him. Since his rather warm encounter with the lawyer on the day of his return, Gregerson had been taking stock of past events and he could not bring himself to believe as strongly in Don's guilt as he once had done. He did not like the man, although there were some very winning qualities about him.

He was winning considerable prominence at the bar, and was considered a coming man. This arrest was sure to blight a poor fellow's prospects, and after a way Gregerson more than half-regretted it.

Lettice did not again force her company upon him. He had noticed her shrug at the fuss over "nobleman," nor did he attempt to do so. Miss Iderman was considerably in evidence all the time. She was gayer than ever after the fall of Huddlestone. She smiled with equal suavity upon Gregerson and old Tim. The latter came often to the house, and was seen much in company with the bewitching Californian.

"The old cuss seems to have lost his wits," said Karl, speaking of the money-lender. "He scarcely notices the trouble that has befallen his nephew, or do believe he fancies himself in love."

"In love? At his age?"

"Well, why not?" said the stolid superintendent. "I tell you, I have about lost my own heart to that girl. She's a fine young woman and no mistake. She has bewitched old Tim, or I'm an idiot. If I were a boy again—ah, if I only were!"

Gregerson started and flushed to his brows. He, too, was thinking of Miss Iderman. The months of her stay at Pine Tree Hill had been very gay with the sunshine of her presence, the geniality of her infectious laugh.

Gregerson got up and took a turn about the room.

"I leave it all to you," he said as a finality. He had glanced from the window to note that Miss Iderman was tripping down the steps, with a driving whip in her hand. Her cheeks were glowing with health and the bracing October air. She was a woman worth while and no mistake. Even these old men were compelled to sit up and take notice.

A man was leading Black Bess from the stable as the girl came out. She greeted Gregerson with a smile as he stepped from the office.

"We see so little of you lately," she said, going suddenly grave. "I was speaking to my cousin about it, but she seemed deaf to anything but the man in prison. Do you know, she refuses to believe him guilty."

"She also talked to you of him, Florence?" said Karl, severely on her friend. She has been twice to the jail to see him."

"Indeed!"

A cold leiness struck the young man's vitals. Miss Iderman invited him to ride with her and he gallantly accepted.

"I am going to Washtenong to see a lawyer; it's my cousin's wish. The Huddlestones will make a strenuous fight."

"You intend it," agreed the disturbed young man. "Don has brought this upon himself, however."

"You think he is guilty?"

"I beg to reserve my opinion," said he with a mirthless laugh. "I may be called on the jury, you see, and—well, I prefer to not express my opinion just at present."

"That will please Lettice. She thinks you are deeply prejudiced where Don Huddlestone is concerned."

Gregerson frowned and bit his lip. Lettice's opinions ought to be of little moment after what had passed. They were entering a strip of wood when the hand-cruiser broke forth with a sudden declaration. The presence of Gregerson, with her delightful personality, added to the knowledge that all explanations, more or less old, were quite gone where she was concerned decided him to act.

He was holding her hand when the words of love, his desire to make her Mrs. Gregerson, came with torrid force from his lips.

"I feel extremely honored, Mr. Gregerson," said she, with a tinkling laugh, "very greatly honored indeed. I have admired you very much, and it grieves me to say that you speak one day too late."

"Too late? I don't understand. Surely if you care for me—"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I care very much for you, Volney," and her voice trembled perceptibly. "I did not know, you see—perhaps, had you spoken sooner—"

"But what difference—"

"All the difference in the world, dear Mr. Gregerson. I accepted Mr. Timothy Huddlestone only last evening. I can't very well marry two men, can I?" There was simple girlish innocence in the sad query that at another time would have brought a smile to his lips.

"Bess, that man!" exclaimed Gregerson in horror. "He is old enough to be your father!"

"Yes, to be my grandfather, yet for all that he is handsome and will be said he be wealthy—the richest man in Orton County; he told me so himself."

"And the biggest scoundrel!" growled Gregerson.

An amused laugh answered him. She seemed hardly to realize as he did the enormity of the sin she was about to commit. He was in no mood for moralizing. He might have attempted to break her decision, but he would not. He was done with women from this time forth.

"I hope you and your granddad husband may be happy," was his parting shot as he leaped from the buggy at the intersection of a street. She only smiled her acknowledgment and drove swiftly away. Gregerson stood on the corner watching the fascinating creature out of sight. A big sign escaped him as he turned to walk uptown.

He had been unfortunate in his ove affairs as the reader will admit. His heart was not quite broken, however. His mind dwelt continually on the man in Orton County jail, and on the midnight adventure which had befallen him in the big woods some weeks earlier. Was Don Huddlestone really guilty? He haunted the jail as much as the land-cruiser walked thoughtfully forward.

Karl Minwaring had a caller soon after he departed. It was unfortunate for her; no less a person than Timothy Huddlestone, the wily money-lender. The old superintendent knew that he was in for a time. Despite all his figuring Minwaring had found no way out of transferring the bulk of the Lake property to the greed of this tightfist, who had drawn the late Gideon Lake so cunningly into the meshes of his net.

"Bill Green, Mr. Huddlestone," said Karl as he pulled a chair forward.

The money-lender did so. His face were a look of expectancy. He leaned far over and forward in the office chair, his twinkling eyes full of light like those of a ferret.

"Bent upon some new devilitry, no doubt," thought old Karl.

"I've come for a final settlement of the affairs of the late Gideon Lake," said Timothy, rubbing the bulk of his hand into his pocket. "I wish everything settled today."

"Which will hardly be done as quickly," began Minwaring.

"I feel extremely interested, Mr. Gregerson," said she, with a tinkling laugh, "very greatly honored indeed. I have admired you very much, and it grieves me to say that you speak one day too late."

"Too late? I don't understand. Surely if you care for me—"

"Oh, yes, indeed, I care very much for you, Volney," and her voice trembled perceptibly. "I did not know, you see—perhaps, had you spoken sooner—"

"But what difference—"

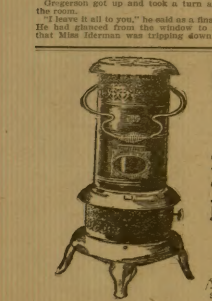
"All the difference in the world, dear Mr. Gregerson. I accepted Mr. Timothy Huddlestone only last evening. I can't very well marry two men, can I?" There was simple girlish innocence in the sad query that at another time would have brought a smile to his lips.

"Bess, that man!" exclaimed Gregerson in horror. "He is old enough to be your father!"

"Yes, to be my grandfather, yet for all that he is handsome and will be said he be wealthy—the richest man in Orton County; he told me so himself."

"And the biggest scoundrel!" growled Gregerson.

An amused laugh answered him. She



Oil Heat

Without Smoke

No matter how sensitive your olfactory nerves may be, or under what working conditions you encounter the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

[Equipped with Smokeless Device]

You'll not detect the slightest odor of smoke.

The Perfection Oil Heater neither smokes nor diffuses odor. The new

Automatic Smokeless Device

positively prevents both. Repeated tests during its incipiency and development, innumerable trials after it had been pronounced perfect by the inventor, demonstrated its utility and sure effectiveness.

The wick cannot be turned up beyond the point of its greatest effectiveness. It locks automatically and thus secures the greatest heat-yielding flame without a sign of smoke or smell. Removed in an instant for cleaning.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator.

Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agency of the

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(Incorporated)

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the day subsequent to the one closing the last chapter.

Gregerson found himself once more at the village, making his way to the Orton County jail. He had received only that morning astounding news from old Karl, no less an announcement than that the inexplicable Tim Huddlestone had given back to the Lakes all and more than he had robbed them of.

Gregerson was as amazed as had been the administrator. Karl had kept back one part of the old money-lender's motive, however. The fact that it was a letter to California cousin who had driven the skinflint to do justice, was as yet unknown to our hero of the pine trail.

Don had sent for him and he was going to visit the prisoner at the jail. Gregerson had avoided meeting either Lettice or her cousin within the past twenty-four hours. He would have turned his back on Pine Tree Hill for good had it not been for Don. Old Karl had told him, and also because of Donald's request for an interview.

There was no trouble experienced in entering the jail through the courtesy itself.

"I am glad you have come!" exclaimed the prisoner, starting up from his cot as the visitor entered, a hectic flush upon the gaunt speaker's thin, dark face. At the same time he held out his hand.

Gregerson accepted this proffer of friendliness without hesitation.

"You no doubt wonder why I have sent for you, Volney," pursued the prisoner. "It is a matter of life and death to my present concerned, but about Uncle Timothy and my cousin Florence. Perhaps you have heard of late, and I fear he is losing his mind—"

"I am not aware of that," said Gregerson, suspect that," said Gregerson when he remembered what the old money-lender had done. He must have been crazy, however, to act in prejudice anything the prisoner might care to communicate. "I am at your service. Are you sending for me, Mr. Huddlestone, since I have not been sent for?"

"I am well aware of that," and Huddlestone smiled rather enigmatically. "Nevertheless I considered you the safest person after the Bashhawk to intrust with my secret. You remember the night that night when I was in the woods?"

"I will not deny it."

"I was sure of it. And you suspected that I was out to hide evidences of a guilt most foreign to my character. Well, you were mistaken, old man. I have interested myself very much in the murder case, Volney, like yourself, I realized from the outset that Gideon Lake had been murdered. I trust I am not tiring you?"

"Not in the least. Please go on with what you have to say. I am deeply interested. Your curiosity was very much excited.

The prisoner sat down on the edge of his cot and indicated a stool for his visitor. Gregerson accepted this manifestation of grim hospitality, and leaned toward Donald, an interested gleam in his eyes.

"I have been on the trail ever since the fatal night of the Lake dance," proceeded the prisoner. "What my motive was, however, since I hardly knew whom to trust. I have had my eye on one personage and have moved accordingly. I had the clue handed and ready to throw when, unfortunately, old Karl Minwaring appeared on the scene and threw me out of the running. That was a most unfortunate move for the prosecution."

"No doubt you think so at least."

"And there are others," protested Huddlestone, "I won't discuss that, however, but come right down to business. Will you take up the trail where I left it, Volney?"

"Is this a trick——"

"Nothing of the kind. But, if you have any fears, please consider yourself out. I'll call in another party."

Gregerson hesitated for only a moment.

"Consider me at your service, Donald," he said with ample frankness.

"Thanks, old man."

After a careful glance about Huddlestone asked his visitor for the loan of his jackknife. With this he proceeded to rip open his coat-sleeve and from the lining below he produced several papers. These he laid on the cot and regarded before his girl's face. A smile rippled the thin face of the prisoner as he opened and examined the papers.

"I was fearful I would be robbed of these before you came," said the prisoner. "These are important papers belonging to the late Gideon Lake, and hidden by his assassin, with a stuff of fiendish cunning first near where the murder took place. I have it figured out a bit, but will leave that to you."

The murderer asked Mr. Lake for a ride, and while in conversation with him dealt the fatal blow. A cowardly and revengeful deed you say. It was, and one that must not escape punishment."

From beneath the clothing Mr. Huddlestone drew a small, but deadly weapon, which he passed over to his visitor, with the request that he examine it carefully. Gregerson did so. While passing his hand up and down the handle, a sharp click followed, and a tiny steel arrow shot across the cell, dropping from the iron lining of the wall to the floor.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Donald. "The blamed thing was loaded; I did not know that. It might have harmed you, Volney! I must humbly beg your pardon for being so careless," and the speaker reached over to take the hammer from his visitor's hand. Gregerson drew aside, holding fast to the deliciously. His face was white, and an awful fear filled his eyes. Was this a second attempt made by Don Huddlestone upon his life?

"Another one of your infernal machines, Mr. Huddlestone!" raspingly uttered Gregerson.

"Why, who else could it be but Florence, the California red rose," and with a guttural laugh the old man made for the door.

He opened this, hesitated an instant or on the threshold, saying:

"Keep this under your hat till after tomorrow, Karl."

"All right," agreed the delighted superintendent.

The door closed with a bang. Old Karl sat like a statue. His round, wide-set eyes twinkled like those of an owl; his broad jaws were set, while a low, rumbling laugh rolled like distant thunder up from his bosom.

"True, yet not meant for any bad purpose. I lost that hammer a week before the death of Mr. Lake. Do you believe me, Viney?"

"Frankly, I do not," spoke Gregerson with compressed lip and angry eye. "This is but a bold attempt to escape just punishment for your damnable crimes. I shall at once proceed to place this hammer in evidence."

"Against me?"

"Against you, Don Huddlestone."

"You are cowardly to take advantage of a helpless prisoner. I sent for you to aid me in the capture of the real murderer. Look at these papers, Jones, and see if they do not convince you that I mean just what I say."

Dropping the deadly hammer into his pocket, Gregerson proceeded to look over the papers produced in so strange a manner by his prisoner, who, looking them over, brought a cry of surprise from the lips of the land-cruiser.

"What have you find, Mr. Gregerson?"

"Why, these are receipts for sums of money given by Don Huddlestone to Timothy Huddlestone for the purpose of cancelling all indebtedness. Your crafty old uncle has profited by this murder. He meant to secure double pay for his loans, the old scoundrel!"

"True, my uncle is a dishonest rascal; I learned that to my sorrow some time ago," confessed Donald. "I did not know of the existence of these papers till I found them in the cast-off clothing of Mr. Lake's assassin about the time you trailed me to the lone cabin in the gully.

"Some one set fire to the cabin and destroyed the clothes, but the hammer and papers which are to make Lettice and her mother Independent Lady, and the whole manager proclaims how the poor man was slain. I am confident Timothy Huddlestone, realizing that the receipts he had given were lost, perhaps destroyed, formed a plan to switch blame for the crime on to the head of his friend. I am as deeply humiliated at his rascality as anybody can be at the act of a relative. Now, what I want is for you to find the man who stole my hammer and place him under arrest. Will you do it?"

"Is there such a man other than yourself, Donald?"

Gregerson asked the question in a hesitating sort of way.

"There certainly is. I recognized the bloodstained hammer as belonging to the discharged bookkeeper, Ellsworth Stormer," said Huddlestone, with a nervous calmness.

"Ellsworth Stormer!" exclaimed Gregerson.

"The same. Have you forgotten that he was discharged only a day or two before the murder? I introduced him at a dance."

"So might I only for the fact that he was discharged only a day or two days after leaving Pine Tree Hill."

"I heard of that, too, but believe it was a mistake. Anybody can borrow a hammer without the murder."

"Promise me you will investigate this matter for me, Gregerson."

There was an appeal in the voice and mien of the speaker unworthy of the land-cruiser's mercy. After a moment of reflection the land-cruiser accepted Huddlestone's commission, and at once he could be done in the way of ascertaining the whole truth with regard to the death of the late bookkeeper of Pine Tree Hill.

Gregerson was walking thoughtfully along the road toward the Lake home when he was overtaken by a two-seated rig, on the driver's seat of which was a woman. The driver halted as the woman—scarcely more than a schoolgirl—called to the land-cruiser.

"Are we on the right road to Pine Tree Hill?" she asked, in a tone which could be done in the way of ascertaining the whole truth with regard to the late bookkeeper of Pine Tree Hill.

Gregerson was walking thoughtfully along the road toward the Lake home when he was overtaken by a two-seated rig, on the driver's seat of which was a woman. The driver halted as the woman—scarcely more than a schoolgirl—called to the land-cruiser.

"Are we on the right road to Pine Tree Hill?" she asked, in a tone which could be done in the way of ascertaining the whole truth with regard to the late bookkeeper of Pine Tree Hill.

"Yes," said the land-cruiser. "I am going there I will point it out to you."

The girl made room for him at her side and the man moved. The woman was too deeply engrossed in his own affairs to notice that his companion was a young girl, and strikingly handsome. A heavy trunk strapped on behind indicated that the fair passenger had come some distance.

"Can you tell me if the Lakes are at home—Gregerson?"

"Yes, Lettice and her mother are home. You know the death of the house is dead, I suppose?", Gregerson, attracted by the pleasant, sympathetic voice, began to notice her semi-blonde beauty.

"I heard of Uncle Gideon's death while on the way here, and it is a case expressive of sadness. "I know how terribly Lettice must feel, and am sorry to say that I came at this time. I presume she has given up looking for me, as I have never written that I would postpone my trip till about Christmas. Poor cousin!"

Gregerson asked:

"And are you Lettice Lake's cousin?" he asked in a tone full of interest.

"Yes. Doubtless, if you know her, you have heard her speak of me. I will present, California cousin, Florence Iderman."

"But you—you aren't Florence Iderman?" uttered Gregerson hoarsely.

"I certainly am," and she laughed as if amused at his surprise.

"This story will be concluded in next week's Ledger. If you like the Ledger, and we feel sure you do, we would like to have you send in a subscription and take it regularly. A great many thrilling and unusual stories will appear in it during the coming year. You will find it a weekly treat, hence you had better send in your subscription now. Let us hear from you.

New Clocks for Old.

Josh—Sarushe, there be a letter from Miss Van Astor sayin' she will give ye $100 for that old mahogany clock of yer grand'dad's.

Jerusha—Dear me! I didn't know I kin git that marbleized clock at the corners with the gilt figgers; and Josh, while I think of it, I want you to go right down to the barn and git that drab paint left from paintin' the cow shed last spring. We'll give the old clock a couple o' coats. I bet that'll please Miss Van Astor a heap, and we really ought to after her bein' willin' to give such a big price.

Josh—I'll git the paint, Jerushe. You always was great on style, and Miss Van Astor kin tell her friends it's a brand new clock!

SONNETS ON A CHRISTMAS GIFT

To be or not to be? What shall I do?
Shall I buy Jones a Christmas gift this year?
Of course I am unwilling to appear
Stingy, and he's a friend, both tried and true.
I am not one of those close persons who
Hang on to every cent, and yet I fear
That I may find his friendship all too dear,
That later my extravagance I'll rue.
I think this Christmas giving is a bore—
An imposition. He should send me
Five dollars, or it may be even more?
They always come to move that I intend.
And yet I know I ought not to ignore
Old Jones, for after all he is my friend.

Last year Jones sent me a case of wine,
The year before, cigars, Havanas straight.
This coming Christmas he'll anticipate
Something from me, and something pretty fine.
Of course I must do something in that line.
I can't afford to show myself a skate,
But, I'm hard-pressing paying out a lot of late
And his gift, too, might not compare with mine.
If he came up with something rather nice
I might be willing something nice to do.
But I can't think of any smart device
To find that out—he that's the reason why
I sort of hesitate about the price.
I think I'll compromise upon a tie.

BENNY'S CHRISTMAS SKATES.

"Oh! oh! A pair of skates: a pair of skates!" bawled Benny Aubrey, as he tumbled down the stairway in his night-dress Christmas morning, and seized his stocking, which hung by the chimney-corner.

Sure enough, there were the noses of the skates saucily sticking out of the mouths of the stockings; but how they got in there was a wonder, and for a time it did seem no wonder how they were to be got out. Something must give, and it very soon did, for in about the boy, frantic with delight, held up the beautiful skates to be admired by his mirrored by his parents, and sisters, and brothers. Never, perhaps, since the world stopped over the first day was ordinary-sized boy leaped higher or danced with more delight than did Benny little morning. Oh, how proud he was! He had dreamed all the night long of skating on the ice and skating. For a long time back his ideas had been very set on a pair of the wanted Santa Claus to bring him, but, with a modest respect remarkable for one of his age, he did not ask for anything very fantastic or be extravagant in his demands. It was expected he would get a pair, and not have a pair of skates brought. Doubtless, too, this feeling had Benny little morning, the talk of his doting parents, who referred in a very unpleasant manner to his being a small boy that he had better keep off the ice, that girls and boys had been drown on the ice, that their noses were frost-nosed fractured, and their heads cracked, till really a sort of fear crept into Benny's heart and hold him as its victim for a time. But that would soon wear off, and back again came the old, all-absorbing desire when he saw his playmates gliding along and circling to the smooth surface. Then his heart would fairly ache for a pair of skates all his own.

Some one had told him that the papas and mammas are the greatest folks to buy skates for their children, but they had plenty of money, and could get what they liked. If he ever got my, Santa Claus must have heard what he did. There they were, as nice a pair as your eyes ever looked upon. What beauties! graceful toe-curves! What shiny blades! What heel-plates and screws!

Benny had never seen any of that kind before. He thought they were some new invention of Santa Claus. Then and there he experienced a thrill of triumph when he thought of the envy he would see in the face whom he would distance in the race.

"What a pair of skates!" he exclaimed the mother, as she watched him.

He was seated on the floor, too excited to be dressed.

"I'm trying on my skates, don't you see? They fit just right," answered the boy, the fit to which he hastily adjusted one of the buckles.

When he stood up he felt an uncomfortable prick in his heel and down he went.

When breakfast was called, Benny forgot all about joining reverently with his papa in saying grace. He was in the midst of engaged, and every now and then he turned his skate over to see if the screws had not delved, or point out some new beauty. Happy, happy boy! Never was there such a morning was approached and forced to deliver an opinion, and somehow every one who came seemed to have a pair of skates never had been such a pair left by Santa Claus before.

"Benny," exclaimed Mr. Aubrey, some time after his son had left the table, "you will be engaged most of the day at the Eisteddfod (Christmas musical contest for prizes, medals, and prizes dating as far back as the Druids) at the Hall. I must therefore ask you to promise me that you will not go on the ice today. The canal is not entirely frozen over, and it is not for you to go alone. Tomorrow we will go down and have a good time. Will you promise?"

This was not an entire surprise to the boy, who had received notice from the same subject, but he had hoped that on a day when everybody was holiday-making there would be less severe, and he might do just as he pleased.

He murmured falteringly:

"Yes."

The Christmas dinner was brought in piping hot, and the Aubrey family assembled around the table for the usual, "A merry Christmas greeting. The turkey and sauce were just right, and the good, old-fashioned plum pudding never had tasted better. The friends said Mrs. Aubrey was an adept, and could not be excelled. Nor could she, for she had come from a land where plum puddings originated.

During the meal it was noticed that Benny was morose, and somewhat silent. The skates had lost half their glamour by the conditions imposed upon him about going on the ice. When the meal was over, he withdrew himself from the company, and went to his own room to brood over his hard fate. If Santa Claus hadn't left the skates, it wouldn't have been half so bad; he could have gone to the Eisteddfod to sing his piece, and contest for a silver medal, without any trampling whatever. He was the best singer in his class, and would be sure to win. But the very attempt to keep out of his mind the thought of skates and skating only fastened it there more firmly.

Two o'clock arrived, and it was time for the contest. He shifted forth, taking his skates under his arm to show them, so he thought, to a friend whom he might meet on the way. He took a cross-street which led into the river, facing the canal, so that as he went by on his way to the place he could take a peep at the skaters.

Here they were in full sight! Enough to turn an older head and stagger a stronger resolution. Benny succumbed without a struggle. He nervously twitched his first pair of skates on, wondering how long they would fit, and whether they would slide at all! Far away in a secluded part of the canal were a number of boys playing at the top of their voices, "Swoop it up!" "Swoop it up!" Benny turned his head into the magic circle.

In another corner was a dense mass of skaters shouting, whirling, dodging, shrieking, tumbling, which so excited the little fellow that he quite forgot all about his papa's admonition.

Another boy was on his knees fixing on his skates—his own pair. He was proud of them. No wonder! Benny looking at the top of had lent him theirs for a short time, but they had always used them back too soon. Now he could be his own master. After getting on he had to look admiringly for a few moments at the new prize they had wrest then he was on his feet. Whoa! ain't they wobbly? He went without his will, and if he wasn't careful he'd be left behind. Down he comes! That makes bump No. I.

For the purpose of getting a little private practice he had gone down to his papa, he went to a retired spot where there were no spectators, but where more venturesome, and struck out toward the center of the canal, and if he caught him squarely, and he was driven before it. Oh, wasn't that fun! He made no effort at all, but stood right up without moving above him for practice and to avoid being seen by any who ward. He made no effort.

What booted the danger to him? On he went, and beyond the center of the canal, toward the deep, uncovered waters which had for days been washed by the winds as to prevent their being frozen over. He heard at length the sounds of voices, calling in his direction, but only supposed was a chuckle. It was no fine to skate that way. On he went, and if he only thought

The Philpot Robbery

The Mystery of a $100,000 Theft

By Paul Gray

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

THE COMMISSION.

PHIL PRY, the dashing young detective reporter of the Daily Star staff, just home from a well-earned vacation after successfully solving the mystery in the famous Broad street murder, was sitting at his sanctum when an urgent summons from the manag-

ing editor of the Star called him to the office.

On his way thither he heard the newsboys eagerly crying, "All about the $100,000 Jewel Robbery! Yuxtry!" Buying a paper he quickly scanned the story under the big scare head lines. It began as follows:

"Stolen—Over $100,000 worth of rare jewels, including a diamond necklace recently imported, a collection of pearls, said to have belonged to a former Spanish queen, a diamond studded brooch, four jeweled watches and a large quantity of diamond rings, were stolen mysteriously from the fashionable home of Mr. Phineas Philpot, the millionaire banker, sometime last night.

"The robbery was not discovered until this noon when Mrs. Philpot went to the steel strong-box in her apartments to secure the diamond necklace, which she intended to wear to dinner party in the evening. Then she found, to her horror, that the strong-box, which had been guaranteed fire and burglar proof, had been opened and rifled, and everything in the house had been molested, and no trace has been discovered as to the way in which the burglars entered or left the mansion. The police are without the faintest clew."

Then followed two columns of details bearing on the robbery, but offering no key to the solution.

"That reads like a tough one to crack," murmured Pry to himself, as he hurried into the editorial rooms of the Star. A moment later he was ushered into the private office of the managing editor, Mr. Gee.

"Sorry to have called you in before your vacation was out of sight," he said, "but we thought you might want to try your wits on the Philpot mystery. It's one of those boys seem to be pretty much at sea on it."

"Thank you for the chance," Pry responded Pry. "I'll go out on it at once."

"Maybe I can give you a pointer or two that the papers haven't got to yet," said Gee, turning his spectacled eyes full on the reporter. "Phil Philpot, although he is in good standing financially now, went through bankruptcy about fifteen years ago, if I remember rightly. I also believe that this present Mrs. Philpot is his second wife. He married her about ten years ago, after getting a divorce from his first wife, I think."

"Any children?" Pry asked casually.

"I believe not," answered Gee. "As far as we have been able to learn the family is very far, as Philpot has barred reporters from the house, some sort of mystery surrounds the place, but the residents of the neighborhood are unable to explain what it is. The house, you know, is a big four-storied affair of stone, is on the most aristocratic section of fashionable drive where you can't learn very much from the neighbors."

"Do you know exactly how this strong-box was reached and opened?"

"The police report says that the safe was of steel, about three feet square, set in a case of stone alongside the fireplace in Mrs. Philpot's boudoir. It was secured by two combination locks, and was in front of it was entirely concealed by a rich mahogany stand and elaborate hangings.

"Then the safe was not broken open, but was unlocked through the two combinations?"

"That's right, according to the best of our information.

"And who knew the combinations?"

"Only Philpot and his wife."

"Any signs that the house was entered?"

"Not a single sign."

"When was the safe last opened?"

"This is Friday. Mrs. Philpot tells the police that she had used it a week ago last day, and is positive that she fully locked it when she returned the jewels she had worn."

"She is sure that she returned the jewels? That she has not taken them?" Phil Pry was getting interested now, and his questions came quick and sharp.

"She is positive. I might be inclined to doubt her on that point, but, you see, she had only a part of her display at that time the strong-box was opened, and everything in it was cleaned out by the robbery."

"What do you know of the present financial status of Philpot?"

"It's O. K., I guess. He's head of a big Wall street bond house that has been exceedingly prosperous during the past few years."

"And what of his wife?"

"We haven't looked into her past because there appeared to be no occasion to do so. Her husband is able and willing to supply her with everything she needs or desires. There would be no possible reason for her to misappropriate the jewels. Besides, they are hers, anyway."

Phil Pry gave no sign to commit himself to an opinion on this phase of the case. He only kept up his fusillade of questions.

"Who had access to the apartments of Mrs. Philpot?" he asked.

"Besides herself, only her maid, Janet Price, whom she has had with her for five years and whom she trusts implicitly, and occasionally a chambermaid, who is never allowed there alone, but always with this Miss Price present."

"Any rewards offered?"

"Yes, Philpot announces that he will give $5,000 for the return of the jewels, and $1,000 for the conviction of the thief."

"What do the police think?"

"They're not thinking—at least, not out loud. They've sweated all the servants in the house, and they've shaken up Philpot and his wife with a lot of questions, but they're clean befuddled as far as we can see. So are we, as far as that goes. So we concluded to call you in and see if you could not throw some light on the enigma. You gave us one of the greatest tips in the Star's history when you solved the Broad street murder mystery so quickly and so completely, and we are half-hoping that you can do something like it in this case."

"Thank you, sir, but this is a much more difficult case. In the Broad street murder there were only two possible angles. Here, as I can see at present, there are four, and there are at least five angles and possibly more. Then you know newspaper men have to work harder than the police. Their authority and their badge gives them the right of entrance where a reporter is denied lead them. We are barred in a lot of our investigations by the fact that the public we must need to see. However, I am going to undertake the assignment, if it is the best for the Star that I can. But unless I solve this thing in a hurry, you'll not hear from me for some time to come."

"Do you want any one to assist you?"

"I do not present. This is a case where I must probe alone."

CHAPTER II.

HIS FIRST BIG SCOOP.

Phil Pry had had a busy life. Left fatherless and motherless at the age of twelve years by a scourge that had stricken both his parents, he had fought himself up. Practically penniless, he had sharpened his wits and made them serve him well by selling papers in the great American metropolis.

His energy was boundless and his ambition commendable. Remembering the precepts instilled into his mind by his sainted mother, he shunned the questionable sports of his companions, and though he did not gamble with them and he barred saloons his entrance was denied.

But he did not neglect to use his sharp wits always, and many a plan for the capture of noted crooks he imprinted on his mind, and many were the tricks of their following that he observed and stored away in his memory.

Education had an attraction for him, too. He had imbibed the rudiments during the lifetime of his parents, and after they were no longer with him to direct his welfare, he added to his stock of knowledge by attendance at night schools and by pouring over books which teachers recommended.

His home was only a box of a room, on the fourth floor back of a tenement house in the lower East Side of New York, but he made it a little less cheerless by hanging on the walls the pictures of his own choice and many of the bright pictures he clipped from the papers and magazines.

Growing older, he sought to rise from the obscurity and poverty of his surroundings and finally managed to secure a place as office boy on the Daily Star. His quickness and keenness quickly commended him for promotion, and when, after several years, duties which had been of a higher nature than the attractions of newspaper life, he asked for a place on the reporting staff, he was readily granted.

Pry, in the slang of the "cub" reporter, was not long in making good. His activity, his energy, his perseverance and his resourcefulness soon won him recognition and commendation, and soon he came to be known as the "star" reporter of the staff. He seemed to have an inborn faculty for ferreting out the solution of mysterious happenings.

Not until the famous Broad street murder, however, did he have his big opportunity. This was the case of Abraham Elkins, a wealthy broker who was found dead from death at his office desk. A pearl-handled revolver with one cartridge discharged lay near, but the police were puzzled by the fact that Elkins was shot both in the head and in the chest.

The murder had evidently been committed during the night, for the janitor, a sweeper, the last employe to leave on the preceding afternoon, had left Elkins alone in his private room. No one had seen to enter or leave the office after the bookkeeper's departure. Hence the theory advanced of suicide responsibility because his story was clear and there was a complete absence of motive.

The police floundered about in trying to solve the mystery for a couple of days without results, when Phil Pry was given the assignment.

Pry had studied the newspaper accounts of the case thoroughly and was thus saved all preliminary delving. His first mistake was to inspect the revolver found on the dead man's desk. There was no question about its ownership, for the name of Abraham Elkins's name were engraved upon the handle. Moreover, he had the word of the officers first on the scene of the crime that the one cartridge found exploded in the gun had been very freshly fired.

Then Pry sought the coroner called in the case and from his secured an accurate description of the wounds. From these he decided that the death shots had been fired without the private office of the dead man and not from within, as the police and other detectives had declared.

Then the young reporter paid his first visit to the Elkins office. Barring the doors of the room from which the shots had been found dead, he started a thorough examination.

He found that the sole window in Elkins's private room looked out on a narrow light-well. Six feet across it were the wall and windows of an adjoining office building.

Looking out of the open window—for it was a sultry August day—he closely observed the opposite wall. On the floor above, across from him, he saw that the window was tightly closed.

Seating himself in Elkins's accustomed chair, he found that the wounds in the dead man's chest and head could have been easily made by shots fired from that overlooking window opposite.

His next move was to visit the adjoining building. The caretaker only knew that the offices on the floor in question were suspicious and had been rented a little less than a month previous by a man who gave his name as Henry Hemans, and his business as a silver agent.

By means of a liberal tip, Pry induced the caretaker to visit the office. The door was locked and no one responded to their repeated knocks. When the caretaker drew out his bunch of duplicate keys and opened the door, they found it bare of occupants and furnishings.

Then Pry opened the window which he had found tightly locked. He discovered that the window sill was free from dust, and that the victim of the mysterious murder could not have fired the shots from a spot far away from where the young reporter now stood.

Then Pry leaned out and gave the window sashes and sill a close inspection. He smiled inwardly when he found a spot where the wood had been broken slightly. Writing for a blank book, he tore out a sheet and with a hard substance. Digging it out carefully, he found it to be a bullet from a .45 calibre revolver. That was the calibre of the weapon found on Elkins's desk.

Developments now began to move nicely into Pry's theory.

He had secured a description from the caretaker and janitor of the man Hemans, and Pry's description fitted a tall, bearded man, with hair tinged with gray, a stern face and with a faint pink scar just below the left eye; well-dressed and of the appearance of the successful business man.

Then inquiry among the janitor and disclosed that Hemans had been seen in the building frequently occasionally. No one could recall having observed him at all during the last two days.

Then one of the elevator men remembered having seen such a man come down in his car between 11 and 12 o'clock the night before previously. He recalled that he acted rather mysteriously, and added:

"Hemans, whoever he is, is the key to this case," thought Phil Pry. "Now to locate him."

Securing the address—No. 302 West One-hundred-and-seventy-second street—Pry had furnished when he rented the office, he found that the house was vacant, as was that number or at the neighboring numbers on both sides of the street Hemans.

Undaunted, Pry returned to the Elkins office, leaving the old chief clerk into the private office to tell all he knew of the affairs of the business and family life of the slain man. Then he called the entire staff, and in fifteen years he had been connected with the house.

The narrative was garrulous and commonplace, reaching a period ten years back, the clerk told the entrance as a partner of Herman Henry.

"Describe him," ordered Pry.

"Why, he was tall, always wore a beard, had dark-gray hair—wore it pompadour. Oh, yes, he had also a thin red mark just beneath his eye that was said to have come from a duel he fought while at the German University, in which he was educated."

"What has become of him?"

"Oh, he left the firm five years ago and went into business for himself."

"Ever see him since?"

"Not a bit. He just thought he could do better alone. We remember him here for his head work, but he failed to come to the office occasionally."

"Has he been here lately?"

"I have not seen him in the office since he quit the firm."

"And his wife?"

"Not recently, but maybe once or twice since he left the firm. She is dead."

"Do you know their home address?"

"I have it somewhere. It was in the directory and found the address, "No. 109 West One-hundred-and-second street."

Pry looked at his watch. It was just past noon. Then he hastened to the 'phone and called up Mrs. Henry.

"It's Pry," he hurried, talking to his friend, the city editor, in order to prepare for you in about an hour. I hope to have the Elkins case solved by that time."

Then he was off to the Henry home. It was in a handsome apartment house. Pry rang the bell but got no response.

Then he sought the rear entrance and found the janitor's door. At his urgent solicitation that his business was vital, Pry induced the janitor to accompany him to the Henry suite on the third floor. Repeated

"This is a matter of life and death," said raps brought no reply.

Pry, "so we must get in here."

A liberal fee to the janitor opened the locked door. Pry entered hastily and glanced sharply around the empty rooms until he reached the small library.

Here, seated in an easy chair, eyes closed and face white, he beheld Henry. He touched the hands and found them cold. He felt for a pulse beat in the wrist, but there was none. The man was dead.

On the desk near at hand lay this note:

"I have ready a dose of cyanide of potassium, which I will swallow as soon as I have completed this note. It is the only thing left for me. I killed Abraham Elkins. I am not ashamed to own it. I had ample provocation. He wrecked my home by winning my wife. We were happy till he came. I knew my wife had ceased to love me, but I did not know the reason until six weeks ago when I discovered them together. Then she confessed that she and Elkins had met clandestinely for years. I warned him I would kill him on my next visit and time. He laughed. I tried to win her back and failed. Then I decided to kill Elkins so that no one would know the slayer. I thus save my wife the disgrace. I rented the office overlooking that of Elkins and planned the deed carefully. One day as I stood peering out of the window—for it was a sultry August day—he closely observed the opposite wall. On the floor above, across from him, he saw that the window was tightly closed.

Seating himself in Elkins's accustomed chair, he found that the wounds in the dead man's chest and head could have been easily made by shots fired from that overlooking window opposite.

His next move was to visit the adjoining building. The caretaker only knew that the offices on the floor in question were suspicious and had been rented a little less than a month previous by a man who gave his name as Henry Hemans, and his business as a silver agent.

By means of a liberal tip, Pry induced the caretaker to visit the office. The door was locked and no one responded to their repeated knocks. When the caretaker drew out his bunch of duplicate keys and opened the door, they found it bare of occupants and furnishings.

Then Pry opened the window which he had found tightly locked. He discovered that the window sill was free from dust, and that the victim of the mysterious murder could not have fired the shots from a spot far away from where the young reporter now stood.

Then Pry leaned out and gave the window sashes and sill a close inspection. He smiled inwardly when he found a spot where the wood had been broken slightly. Writing for a blank book, he tore out a sheet and with a hard substance. Digging it out carefully, he found it to be a bullet from a .45 calibre revolver. That was the calibre of the weapon found on Elkins's desk.

Developments now began to move nicely into Pry's theory.

He had secured a description from the caretaker and janitor of the man Hemans, and Pry's description fitted a tall, bearded man, with hair tinged with gray, a stern face and with a faint pink scar just below the left eye; well-dressed and of the appearance of the successful business man.

Then inquiry among the janitor and disclosed that Hemans had been seen in the building frequently occasionally. No one could recall having observed him at all during the last two days.

Then one of the elevator men remembered having seen such a man come down in his car between 11 and 12 o'clock the night before previously. He recalled that he acted rather mysteriously, and added:

"Hemans, whoever he is, is the key to this case," thought Phil Pry. "Now to locate him."

Securing the address—No. 302 West One-hundred-and-seventy-second street—Pry had furnished when he rented the office, he found that the house was vacant, as was that number or at the neighboring numbers on both sides of the street Hemans.

Undaunted, Pry returned to the Elkins office, leaving the old chief clerk into the private office to tell all he knew of the affairs of the business and family life of the slain man. Then he called the entire staff, and in fifteen years he had been connected with the house.

The narrative was garrulous and commonplace, reaching a period ten years back, the clerk told the entrance as a partner of Herman Henry.

"Describe him," ordered Pry.

"Why, he was tall, always wore a beard, had dark-gray hair—wore it pompadour. Oh, yes, he had also a thin red mark just beneath his eye that was said to have come from a duel he fought while at the German University, in which he was educated."

"What has become of him?"

"Oh, he left the firm five years ago and went into business for himself."

"Ever see him since he left Elkins?"

"Not a bit. He just thought he could do better alone. We remember him here for his head work, but he failed to come to the office occasionally."

"Has he been here lately?"

"I have not seen him in the office since he quit the firm."

"And his wife?"

"Not recently, but maybe once or twice since he left the firm. She is dead."

"Do you know their home address?"

"I have it somewhere. It was in the directory and found the address, "No. 109 West One-hundred-and-second street."

Pry looked at his watch. It was just past noon. Then he hastened to the 'phone and called up Mrs. Henry.

"It's Pry," he hurried, talking to his friend, the city editor, in order to prepare you in about an hour. I hope to have the Elkins case solved by that time."

Then he was off to the Henry home. It was in a handsome apartment house. Pry rang the bell but got no response.

Then he sought the rear entrance and found the janitor's door. At his urgent solicitation that his business was vital, Pry induced the janitor to accompany him to the Henry suite on the third floor. Repeated raps brought no reply.

Pry, "so we must get in here."

A liberal fee to the janitor opened the locked door. Pry entered hastily and glanced sharply around the empty rooms until he reached the small library.

Here, seated in an easy chair, eyes closed and face white, he beheld Henry. He touched the hands and found them cold.

"I'll risk it," he decided with himself, and then made his way back to the manager's office.

"I just want to bother you with another inquiry or two," he said. "I'd like to learn if you have made a thorough investigation of the throng-one?"

"Oh, yes; two of our best men have been up there twice and made a complete inspection."

"Could I meet them up there now if I went directly to the Philpot home?"

"Oh, no; they've been back some time and have reported fully."

"Could I see them?"

"No need to bother them," responded the manager somewhat testily, "I've told you everything they've found out."

"And you think they've found it all?"

"I surely do."

Phil carefully concealed the secret satisfaction he felt at this later information. Going out he said to himself:

"Now I think I can risk a little visit to the Philpot home in a different guise from a newspaper reporter. I couldn't get farther than the outer door, probably, if I went up there and told them I was from the Star. But somehow or other I've got to get inside for a while."

Phil accordingly hastened to his rooms and donned an old pair of trousers and an old coat that put him distinctly in the workingman's class. Then he grabbed up a small satchel, dropped into it a screwdriver, a pair of pincers, a small hammer and some brass wire, all of which he had used from time to time in tinkering about his rooms, and hurried out again.

"It'll be a bold bluff," he thought to himself, "but I ought to work. In any event, they can't any more than throw me out."

He was soon aboard a subway train and flying northward toward the Philpot home. As he neared the stately stone structure, situated among its costly neighbors on Riverside drive, he saw that a thin cordon of police had been thrown about the building.

"Hope I won't strike one that knows me," he thought, as he swung boldly along the walk with his kit of tools under his arm. "It's now a case of hitting the back door. As a general rule, I'm against making my entrance via the back door, but I suppose I oughtn't to be particular in a case where I'm not figuring at Phil Fry, the reporter, but as Jack Sykes, the safe expert," and with a grin Fry made his way to the rear gate of the Philpot home.

When he pressed the electric bell, a blue-coated fellow looked out through the heavy iron gate and gruffly asked:

"What's wanted?"

Phil glanced keenly over the burly policeman and replied:

"Open up, my friend, I'm from the Homer Safe Company, sent up to make another inspection of the vaults of strong-box."

The bluff worked here, for the big iron gate swung back and Phil stepped inside. Without waiting for any further parley, he hastened up the stone walk toward the rear house door.

His confident ring brought a maid to the door.

"Step in, please," she replied, when he had repeated the purport of his visit, as he had at the gate, "I'll call the butler."

Phil stood in the entry for some moments before a tall, solemn-faced and bewhiskered individual appeared. Then he repeated his statement.

"Why, a couple of fellows from your place have been up here twice already, nosing around the strong-box and making a mess generally," the butler said imposingly.

"Yes, but they failed to complete the investigation," said Phil, confidentially, "and I've come up to finish it."

"Well, come in and I'll see the madam," responded the butler, and he led Phil into the kitchen. Then he disappeared.

In five minutes the man was back.

"Mrs. Philpot is very angry at this intrusion," he announced, "but she's not disposed to turn you away, but she finally decided to let you go up. You'll have to be short with your work, however."

"I'll be as short as I can and do my work," declared Phil dutifully, as he picked up his grip and followed his guide.

They passed through a large kitchen, a pantry, and then into a large rear hall. Up the stairs they climbed until they reached a spacious hall. Along this hall they conducted until midway they paused at a massive door.

The butler tapped lightly and almost immediately the door was opened by a pretty maid in black gown and white cap and apron.

"This is the safe company man again, Miss Price, but it's Mrs. Philpot's orders that his be made at once."

"Very well, sir," the maid replied. She had a sweet serious face and a pretty voice that quickly attracted more than casual attention. "Please step in," she continued.

As Phil crossed the threshold, the half-stifled cry of a woman broke from an adjoining room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERIOUS EYES.

Phil glanced sharply into the face of the maid as the cry was repeated, this time more shrill than before. Janet Price appeared a woman of some self-control, for she gave no sign of alarm or fright at the unusual sounds.

"You may go, James," she said decisively to the butler. Then she closed the massive door that led into Mrs. Philpot's sumptuous apartments.

Phil found himself in a high, vaulted room, finished in white and gold. A massive chandelier of shining crystals hung from the ceiling, while on the walls were suspended rare works of art. Rich hangings fell about the windows and doors, and a heavy velvet rug, so thick that when Phil stepped upon it, he thought he was treading upon a shimmering cushion, covered the floor.

An arched opening, thickly hung with handsome draperies, showed the way into an adjoining room—Mrs. Philpot's bedroom, Fry promptly and correctly surmised. In the opposite wall opened a huge, brass-trimmed fireplace, over which hung a massive gilt-bordered mirror.

Beside this fireplace stood a high, shelved mahogany case, above and around which hung thick silken draperies. Odd pieces of carved and gilded furniture were scattered profusely about the apartment. On the mantelpiece and the quaint tables stood costly bric-a-brac and the richest golden, silver and crystal trinkets. Everything in range of the eye bespoke ample wealth and a prodigal taste in dispensing it.

Phil Fry's lightning-like glance took in every detail of the scene in the instant he was stepping into the room.

"Something in trouble in there?" he queried, as he nodded his head toward the adjoining room from whence the sounds of a woman's distress had evidently come.

"Something that does not concern you in the least, sir," was the maid's answer, sharp and direct.

"I didn't know but what I might be of some assistance," was Phil's rejoinder in an apologetic tone. Then, to himself: "This one is a tartar; it doesn't look as if I'd get much out of her."

When he glanced at her again, he found her studying him intently.

"You're not one of the men who were up here from the safe company a while ago," she finally blurted out.

Between trying to hear the low murmur of tones from the adjoining room and matching his wits with the sharp-eyed maid, Phil found that he was more than busy.

"I sure ain't," Phil said in reply to her last thrust. "The boss was sore at the report them fellers brought back, and sent me up to look over the safe again."

"It's a pity one visit wasn't enough," she finished with. "It's a shame to keep us torn up this way, with Mrs. Philpot so ex-cited."

"You're some excited yourself, ain't you?" Phil grinned.

"None of your sass, young man," the girl replied. "Here, you'd better get to work if you've got to do anything," and she led the way to the mahogany case beside the fireplace.

Swinging back one of the draperies, she pulled open the door, which Phil quickly saw was set upon hearings and responded easily to her touch. Clear of the wall, he beheld the heavy steel door of the safe. It had been left unlocked, and he promptly swung it wide open.

First he examined the door. It was absolutely without any marks of violence. Then he peered into the interior. On each side and at the rear two rows of inlaid drawers, each with a small knob handle, presented themselves against his grip.

"Where are the jewels in these?" he asked, turning to the maid, who stood near by, watching him closely.

"Is it necessary that you should go into them?" she inquired.

"I certainly am," Phil responded decisively.

"Well, I'll get them for you, then," she said.

Phil watched her keenly as she turned, and, going to the opposite side of the room, took from an inner drawer of a small writing desk a small metal box. This she unclasped and lifted out a bunch of thin keys, each numbered to correspond with the numerals on the drawers in the safe.

As the maid raised the keys, a folded slip of paper caught in the bunch and fluttered to the floor.

Eager for the faintest trace of a clew, Phil darted forward, and, as if to be polite to the maid, picked up the slip of paper. Dexterously he contrived to insert a finger in the fold and throw it open so that he might scan its contents.

"None of your sass, young man."

A series of letters and figures partly filled the sheet.

"The combinations, eh?" he asked simply.

"Yes," she replied. "Kept the keys and that together so that if at any time the combinations were forgotten, they could be easily referred to."

So saying, she turned the bunch of keys over to Phil.

"A fine way to protect a fortune in jewels," he thought to himself, "to leave the combination and the keys to the strong-box lying about in his loose way. It's small wonder that this fine bunch of loot wasn't carried away long ago."

Fry went back to the safe and made a detailed examination. He found the drawers opened easily to the proper keys. Each drawer was about a foot long, and some of them were now crowded with legal-looking papers. But those in which the maid indicated that the Philpot jewels had been kept were all empty.

A few of letters and figures partly filled the sheet.

"The combinations, eh?" he asked simply.

"Yes," she replied. "Kept the keys and that together so that if at any time the combinations were forgotten, they could be easily referred to."

So saying, she turned the bunch of keys over to Phil.

"A fine way to protect a fortune in jewels," he thought to himself, "to leave the combination and the keys to the strong-box lying about in his loose way. It's small wonder that this fine bunch of loot wasn't carried away long ago."

Fry went back to the safe and made a detailed examination. He found the drawers opened easily to the proper keys. Each drawer was about a foot long, and some of them were now crowded with legal-looking papers. But those in which the maid indicated that the Philpot jewels had been kept were all empty.

"To-be-sure not," she replied spiritedly. "You don't suppose that I would have waited this long to tell my suspicions, do you?"

"But couldn't some of the servants have possibly done it?"

"How could they? None of them are ever in this apartment unless either Mrs. Philpot or myself are present."

"But couldn't they have got in at night?"

"The outer doors to both rooms in the apartment are always secured, locked on the inside."

Phil's sweeping glance again took in the eyes behind the tapestry. He edged a step toward it and said:

"Well, I don't see how any blame can be placed in the safe people."

Before the girl could reply, Phil made a quick leap toward the drapery, and opening his arms wildly, threw them about the spot where he had seen the mysterious eyes. He felt his hands close on a pair of shoulders and he gripped them as in a vise. Then the delicate drapery broke from its fastenings overhead, and with his unknown and unseen quarry, Phil tumbled in a confused heap on the floor.

The continuation of this thrilling story will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.50 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you cannot afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

Ten Rules for Husbands.

1. Avoid verbal controversies at all times, because you will come off second best no matter if you're the most brilliant lawyer in the world. If controversies are unavoidable, give way after a pretended argument. You will increase in your wife's respect, because you've been so wise as to recognize her as the wiser.

2. Never forget that you are married to a woman and not an angel.

3. Don't refuse your wife money too often; exercise rigid economy in your own expenses, that you may be able to do so.

4. If you observe that your wife doesn't love you enough, remember that she loves jewels and fine clothes.

5. See to it that your better half always has the last word. That makes her happy, while it would leave you in the wrong of justice and truth, only uncomfortable.

6. Read only books that everybody is talking about, so that your wife can discuss them with you. She would be miserable if she lacked a gossip partner. Just because you, in your crazy disregard for what "everybody likes," read books of your own selection.

7. Even in a controversy, don't wound your wife by being too logical.

8. Bestow upon your wife from time to time the compliments that she is the most beautiful of creatures, and that you are simply inseparable because you are so hopelessly unworthy of her.

9. If your wife is shrewd, beware of seeming shrewder. If she is stupid, be more stupid—in order (in either event) that she may not be angry.

10. Above all else, respect your mother-in-law. Remember that she is primarily responsible for your marital happiness.

No Opposition Votes.

"A mild-mannered and genial Tennesseean, named Galloway, was elected to the State Senate from Shelby county," declared Senator Dickinson of the War Department, himself from Tennessee, "but there was a protest over it. Senator Galloway, before election, had been concerned in a duel in his younger days. The law provides for excluding from Senators and the clerk called the roll by counties. When the name of Senator Galloway, wearing a long black frock coat, stepped into the aisle.

"'Mistuh President and Senatuhs,' he said, 'I have heard of this yere protest against me because in de days of my youth I was concerned in a duel in an affair of honah. Now, suh, I want to say that I was not engaged in an affair of honah, in my younger days, in the State of Mississippi, and Mississippi is the other affair of honah in the State of Arkansaw. Once again, I engaged in an affair of honah as a second, not as a principal, in the State of Mississippi.

"'I contend, suh, that the State of Tennessee has no jurisdiction ovah what is done in other States, and I am ready to say, suh, that if any Senatuh thinks otherwise and does not vote for me at this time I shall call him out, be it in Texas, suh! I call him and him personally responsible to me, suh. That's all.'

"And they all voted for him."

A Regretted Success.

Massachusetts has furnished some attorneys who have become famous legal lights before the nation. A town in the bay State has one at present who bids for a place among them. This lawyer is noted for the brightness and promptness of his retorts, and any smart witness that gets smart with him will get up slightly to tone up the point.

He was recently counsel for the plaintiff in a case where a woman was very refractory under cross-examination. Although he used all politeness and courtesy in his examination, he received nothing but sharp and unsatisfactory replies. Next the hard was in court, a meek and humble specimen of the unpecked spouse. Finally the lawyer put another very civil question, to which the woman replied with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes:

"Mr. Lawyer, you can't catch me, and you needn't think you can; no, siree, you can't catch me!"

With his most fetching smile, the attorney replied:

"Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to catch you, and your husband looks to me as if he very sorely regretted that he had succeeded."

The crier rapped for order as a wave of laughter swept over the courtroom, and the judge bowed his head to hide a smile.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 26, 1906, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to The Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to The Chicago Ledger. Subscription prices in Canada $1.50 a year. We do not send receipts for money paid on subscriptions, for the date on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in this capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper over the signature of the publisher. We have no traveling agents in the United States and would caution people against contributing from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

ADVERTISING RATES.

The advertising rate is 21.00 per Agate Line per issue. Eight words to a line, 14 lines to an inch. This price also includes insertion of the advertisement in the SATURDAY BLADE. THE BLADE and LEDGER together have a circulation of

750,000 COPIES WEEKLY

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLE JABS.

Buy 'em early—for next year.

Let us be thankful that the day after comes but once a year.

Shoppers at this late day should make as few false motions as possible.

It is a lucky Christmas doll that does not yet need first aid to the injured.

Actions speak louder than words when a girl is discovered under the mistletoe.

Many a Christmas present ostensibly delayed in transmission was bought the day before.

Were you thoughtful enough to hold out a few dollars for the after-Christmas bargains?

Those who get married on Dec. 25 may not get much of the true meaning of Christmastide until later.

Are you relieved because the police did not arrest you for wearing your boisterous Christmas necktie?

He is a wise person who in buying his own Christmas presents saved his money until the bargain season began.

Not so many Christmas weddings are reported as usual this year. What's the reason? Cost of living too high?

After we get the Fourth of July tamed some philanthropist will start in to make Christmas shopping safe and sane.

In accord with the eternal fitness of things, people who keep harping on disagreeable things should be strung up.

While it may not be nice to look a gift turkey in the teeth, it may be almost the proprietory how long it was in cold storage.

That string around your thumb was to remind you to get a big turkey if you happen to have forgotten why your wife tied it there.

If you have invited children to the Christmas dinner do not worry because you did not tell them to bring their appetites along. They will.

Toy drums and horns that would be strong on Christmas and would crumble to nothingness the next day would supply a want.

"Leave out the brandy sauce from your Christmas pudding," advises a Blue Island woman. Leave out the pudding also unless you are on the best possible terms with your stomach.

In looking for the holiday spirit search among those under 40—some years under. Of course the older ones have the best of intentions, but it takes the digestion of the ancient one a longer time to recover from the frivolities of the day. Added to that are a number of petty annoyances, including bills for the good cheer and the useful articles that tried their best to pass as good cheer. Besides, there is the extra work to catch up from the rest on Christmas and to prepare for the day off on New Year's. So, to find the truly joyous, search out the children and see how they appreciate what is going on. After a grown man has thought about Christmas a couple of times he turns to business and forgets it until the unobtrusive bill collector pushes his way timidly into the inner office.

In African Jungles;

Or, A GIRL'S FIGHT FOR HONOR

By Colonel Alfred B. Tozer

[Copyright 1909 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 45, November 6. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back numbers can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEST OF DIAMONDS.

IN A moment, however, Bamall stopped forward and laid in Norman's hand the great diamond which had been found. The explorer looked at it with eyes like a man in a daze.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

Bamall pointed out to the center of the crater.

"And you remained in the jungle, risking your life, with that fortune in your possession?" said Norman. "Most natives would have fled to Mombasa with the abstinence."

"We found it together," said Bamall, pointing to Bement.

"Well, you found a fortune," said Norman, passing the stone over to Bement. "I have no claim to it."

Bement refused to accept the stone, and Norman was finally obliged to put it away in his pocket.

"From this time on," he said to the young man, "we are partners in this diamond business. I have enough now to make me rich for life. I hope you will be equally fortunate—well provided for."

Bement thanked him and turned away with Bamall, saying to Susan and Clelia, whom they met on the way to the cave, that they were going out to pick up a few score of diamonds as samples!

The natives driven in by Norman were scattered about the rim, the giris, the guide, who had come in with Norman, the wounded man, and Norman were now in the cave, so there was a good sitting about in the lower portion of the crater. As the two men moved toward the place where the little evil-disposed sand fly lay, the natives stopped short and lifted his hand.

"What is it?" asked Bement.

"Guns!" was the short reply.

They both jumped at the word.

The sounds of the jungle came over the rim in a medley of roars, howls, calls and trumpetings, but there was no sign of the war-like natives.

"The Kaiserbrenner party was coming in. They'll be treated," said Bamall.

"With that honest old animal catcher?" asked Bement. "Never! Lie has money enough of his own."

"I've seen a great many white men," said Bamall, "but I have not found one who has all the money he wants."

Bement laughed at the point.

"If Kaiserbrenner does not make a fight for the diamonds," said Bamall, in a moment, "what about Morris? He is a diamond hunter, and he has come far to enrich himself. Will he fight for them?"

"He'll have to go and get an army first," replied Bement. "Kaiserbrenner's party won't fight for him, and he sent most of his men back when he came up with the big animal catcher."

"And this Kilrain? Will he carry you away a prisoner?"

"His will not!" almost shouted Bement. "I'll never go back to Chicago to be put into jail! The natives will fight for me, I believe, and Kilrain and his objective will have a hard time getting out alive if they attempt to take me in charge."

"The matter will be all was past," suggested Bamall.

"If it is," replied Bement, "I don't know it. Every one here seems to know more about my business than I do myself. Well, the thing for us to do now is to get to the bottom of that little drip that runs into the place. If we can get the diamonds out, we shall save a lot of trouble."

"You are certain that there are diamonds there?"

"If there are diamonds anywhere, they are at the bottom of that hole," was the reply. "The water has washed the diamond-bearing earth away, and all the gems in the formation we shall find them in a pocket there."

Bamall shook his head, and the two proceeded to the trickle of water and followed it down to the place where it slid into the volcanic breathing-hole. Bement put his ear to the opening and listened intently.

"It is not deep," he said, "for I can hear the drop of it below, and the ripple where it moves off into a subterranean channel. It strikes me that we ought to be able to find that underground channel. It may be large enough to admit us to the bottom of this opening."

"We can dig down to the bottom in a few days," suggested Bamall.

But Bement insisted on making another tour of the crater, hoping to find an opening leading from the bottom and through which the water from the spring passed away. The arrival of the party with guns they had heard would doubtless throw the whole camp into confusion, and mining would be delayed. Besides, the man Morris might insist on a share of what was taken out. The world had no bloodshed, as Norman was in no mood to make further division.

The young man was satisfied that the diamond drift there was the result of some freak action of nature. No such riches as those at Kimberley would ever be found there. He knew that very well. Therefore, if, in advance of the arrival of the others, he could make his way to the only place where diamonds were likely to be found, he could gather them in and save all trouble. After that, the others might dig in the crater over to their heart's content.

The two passed around the wall of the cup a dozen times before their attention was attracted to a jumble of rocks by a serpent thrusting up his head and chasing at them. As the creature swung its bloated head from side to side and thrust its red tongue out in rage, Bement caught an idea.

"Look here," he said to Bamall, "that snake comes out of a hole in the ground. How do we know how deep that hole is, or where it leads to?"

"It may lead to the water, eh?"

"Quite it may," replied Bement. "At any rate, I'm going to see if it does."

Bamall drew his revolver to kill the serpent, but Bement checked him.

"No firing now," he said. "That would attract the attention of the whole camp to us. We must pursue this search for the present in silence. If it leads to the water, we find a pocketful of diamonds, we ought to carry them out without letting any one know."

Bamall put up his revolver and lifted a stone to throw at the snake. His aim was good, for the head of the reptile was fairly crushed against a rock. But the impact of the thrown stone started the others in motion. They fell with a slow, grinding motion, leaving an opening a yard in diameter, dipping down into the earth vertically. From the hole came the sound of running water.

Bement was about to bend over and look down, when a serpent, larger than the one that had been killed, darted out, and the ragged, rocky wall, and struck at him. He started back with a cry of fear, staggered, and fell, and he did so, and fell to the ground. He was still weak from his wound and did not have the strength to arise instantly. While he lay there he felt a pressure on his legs, a pressure moving up toward his throat.

Then heavy rings came to other portions of his body, and he knew that a nest of serpents, disturbed in their hiding place, had awakened and attacked him. He shouted to Bamall and turned over on his face, placing his hands under his body, so in order that no naked flesh might be exposed to the fangs of the reptiles.

It seemed to him that he was alone. In fact, the poor fellow was scared half out of his senses by the steady pressure of snakes swarming out of the hole. Finally, however, he got hold of a club and began beating the snakes off, bestowing more than one blow on the body of the unlucky Bement.

The work was short, for the native struck hard blows, and succeeded in laying his foe with a shudder, with a sense of sea sickness at the end. It was some time before he could find courage to approach the hole again.

"There are no more there," said Bamall. "They all ran out."

"I should hope that they did," was the reply, "for we've got to go down into that hole. Give some dry grass and we'll send a fire down first."

Bamall did as directed, and bundle after bundle of dry grass and grass wood was sent into the opening. No more reptiles came out. After waiting for one minute by a measure clear away, Bamall brought a rope, tied it snugly about Bement's waist, gave a signal and into the opening.

About twenty feet from the entrance the young man struck solid ground, but this was only a rounded bank at the edge of a small current of water. The channel which had been cut out by the action of water was not high enough for Bement to walk upright in.

He stooped down, released himself from the rope, and penetrated stream. It was perhaps a hundred feet away, was a shaft of light. A trickle of water there told him that it was the vent of a volcanic shaft he was seeking. At the bottom of that shaft, he knew, he would find diamonds. He drew out his electric torch and moved up toward the shaft.

He was not long in reaching the spot, for the bottom of the channel was smooth, and consisted of hills and hollows, and under the pipe, he dug eagerly at the point upon which the light fell. The material through which he worked his fingers was merely rock, worked into sand by the force of the water. Suddenly he came to a stop upon a cluster of pebbles. He lifted a large one and examined it. A diamond. Again he forced his fingers into the cup-like cavity and the bottom was full.

He cleared away the sand and filled his pockets with what he found there. He knew that his pockets held more than a million dollars' worth of gems. The blue diamond-bearing earth had been washed away by the water and the stones had settled there in the cup. How many of them had been washed away at times of inundation he had no idea.

When the cup was empty, and when his pockets were full, he turned back toward the opening. The rope still dangled above the water where he had left it, but it reached from the surface than before. Closer examination showed that the channel was filling with water, and filling rapidly.

In a moment Bement understood what had taken place. The great stones which had fallen from the opening had rolled down into the channel, and formed a natural obstruction. There they had stopped and blocked the escape of the waters of the spring. Unless he could get to the opening before the channel was filled, he would never get out. He plunged along through the back water, with a bare breathing place at the apex of the tunnel.

CHAPTER XXI.

SAFETY AND PROSPERITY.

The narrow channel was full of water in a moment, then Bement caught his breath.

Deep in his ears, then he felt the pull of a current. The obstruction had been swept away by the pressure of the water, and the mass was sweeping downward, carrying him with it. There was no knowing where he would land if swept out. It might be in a subterranean lake, a thousand feet under the grass.

There was only one chance for him, and that was to be carried out with the current past it. But when he came to the opening he would not see the light. He was filling like a string along the roof of the tunnel, held by the pressure, and he groped in the space there with both hands and caught it. There was a pull from above, and Bamall drew him through into the open air, gasping for breath.

The first thing he heard was a trifle of chaff regarding his bedraggled condition; the next was a volley from the outside.

"If you will excuse me just for a time," said Norman, in answer to an inquiring look, "is storming our fortress. Come with me, if you like."

"Wait!" said Bement, eagerly. "Wait until you hear what I have to say before you order your men to shoot back. Step this way, please."

Norman followed the young man, with wonder in his eyes. In a moment the wonder was changed to surprise, then joy, to the triumph of victory. Bement merely said to him:

"Let them come in! I am positive that I have all the diamonds within a thousand miles of here in my pockets this moment. Let them come in!"

The recital was a short one. Bement explained why he thought there were no more diamonds there, and he was certain that the one diamond-bearing pipe was merely the cup, and why he had come to the top to let the others in for a search.

As soon as opportunity offered, Norman drew aside and examined the diamonds casually.

"You are worth $2,000,000, at least," he said, "and half of the sum belongs to you. I am content with the rest, I think."

"I just stumbled on them," said the young man. "Did you ever hear of such a freak piece of diamonds?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," was the reply. "Three hundred years threw up the blue earth, bearing diamonds, only to the mouth of the pipe, but others were not deep enough. Then the spring formed and trickled into the pipe, wearing away the earth, and the pipe is now on its way by rain and sunshine in the yards at Kimberley. For centuries the diamonds dropped into the cup made by the falling water. How many more there were in the pipe no one will ever know."

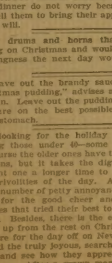
Orders were now given to the leader of the savages to retreat from the cave and let the others enter. A guide even showed Kaiserbrenner the passage to the rim, and all were soon inside the big bowl of the crater.

The big hunter almost fell on Bement's neck when he saw him, safe and sound. Morris was also glad to see the young man,

Try This Razor!

FREE FOR ONE MONTH

We use it ourselves and know it's absolutely the BEST RAZOR EVER MADE AT ANY PRICE.



THE BLADE

of this Razor is made of THE FINEST GRADE STEEL and is STRONGER and KEENER than any other Razor made.

A $3.00 RAZOR ON CREDIT $2

We are anxious to have every man use the razor we advertise. That's why we make this REDUCED PRICE and GREAT FREE TRIAL OFFER. You can't afford to miss it. Send no money—just send the coupon, and we will send you the razor.

Try It For One Month Free

and if you don't say it's the best razor you ever used, after using, send it back to us and we will promptly return you the $2. Or if you want to keep it, send us the balance of $1.50 at the rate of 50c each month for three months. No matter how many razors you have, write today for this one on FREE TRIAL.

Some send 50c with their answer to this advertisement—

Save dun'n SUIT YOURSELF.

HARRIS-GOAR MFG. CO., 1104 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

but he sulked when he saw Norman. Killrain eyed Bement thoughtfully for a moment, and the detectives stepped forward.

"I want to shake hands with you, young man," said Killrain, waving the officer back. "You've done a good job dodging your own good luck."

"Dodging fail! you mean," cried Bement.

"No," said Killrain, "not at all. I knew that you were innocent, and was coming in to help prove it. I couldn't declare your innocence to the world without implicating some one of whom I was once very fond, and so I came here to do what I could for you both. You're innocent, but some one must make a sacrifice before it can be proven to the world."

"The sacrifice has been made," said Norman, soberly, drawing an envelope from his pocket. "On his last night on earth Theodore Kilrain told the truth in writing. When he believed himself to be wounded unto death, Dawson Wilson confirmed what your brother wrote."

"And my brother is dead?" asked Killrain.

Norman nodded, and the banker stood for a moment with his head in his hands, grief, and then turned away. The shock was a serious one, and it was a long time before he was his old self again.

"Now," said Bement, as Killrain walked away, "perhaps you'll tell me what this all means."

"Theodore Killrain, the dead brother out there," said Norman, "was a good deal of a spendthrift. He got into debt, and his brother and blackmail his friends. He went to the Wilson office one day and found Wilson and stole $100,000 in bonds. He told Dawson what he had done, gave them to him, and got him to dispose of them. From that day Wilson was in his power."

"Then Dawson Wilson left with his brother to the vault one day and stole the money that you were accused of. The precautions suspected, and the brother decided to leave it there until the theft should blow over. But first he got a confederate to tell you that you were suspected, believing that you knew. You did run away. He made sure of that by having his men follow you to Richmond, and not only you, but to be sure that you went. He thought that he could get bankers on your trail and enable him to return in a short time, free and clear. He did not want you captured, however. He just wanted you to confess guilt by flight."

"The scoundrel!" cried Bement.

"When he decided to leave for Africa he went to Theodore Killrain over and with an animal man. Wilson did not care to go with him, or to mix with him further, but he threatened and bullied Killrain into a condition that he might take Florence with him. The girl knew that Killrain was innocent, and knew that the president of the Cosmos Trust Company was following you in with a detective. She decided to warn you, not knowing that the president was after his brother to get him to confess that you were an innocent man. This confession, however, would never have been made public. The money would have been paid back to the company, and the chief would have gone free."

"I met the dead man and Wilson in New York. I told Wilson something of my plans for coming here, and it seems that he told Theodore Killrain, who immediately planned to have my maps and charts stolen and copied. He knew about going to start, knowing that he could be first on the ground, he sold a copy of the stolen maps and charts to Mr. Morris. Oh, he was a scamp, right!"

"And now that I am here," broke in Morris, "I intend to hunt for diamonds!"

"All right!" said Norman. "Go in and win! I'm sure that everybody will welcome to them for all of me."

"And now that I am here," laughed the animal hunter, "I'll see if I can get my white rhinoceros. I've been losing a good deal of time."

"And now, if you think the thing is cleared up," said Norman, turning and turning to Bement, "we'll go up to the cave where Wilson is."

His cool retort was to get away where he could once more examine the diamonds, at his leisure, but Bement only took time to get back to Florence. Both met with success, for Bement returned with the report that the gems were worth three millions of dollars, and Bement blushingly admitted that Ora and Chloe Wilson was going back to Chicago with him!

The Wilson father and daughter, the Wilsons, father and daughter, Killrain, the detective, and Bement all remained in the crater until Florence's wedding, and then go back to Mombasa. While the big fellow hunted diamonds unsuccessfully, Morris hunted diamonds unsuccessfully. He went back with the party, very much disgusted with the trip.

On the day they left the crater, Florence showed Norman a picture.

When he tried to gain possession of it she laughed in his face and took away.

"I know what that is," he said. "It is a photograph of the girl in white. Give it here instantly!"

"What do you want of it?" she asked.

"Why, I want it!"

"To put in your smokingroom?"

"No, to look at occasionally. I have made. This shall be labeled as one of the wild animals I encountered in the jungle."

Then Bement caught her, and there is no need of continuing the scene.

The Wilsons have a piece of the floating island with it," she suggested, after a pause, "and the leopard kittens!"

"I don't understand that yet," said Bement.

"Stupid!" cried the girl. "Father and I hid there for several days because Theodore Killrain wanted to see who it was that was coming in with Kalkenbrenner. We left there the very night we displayed the signals. We knew then who was coming in, and father and uncle wanted to get away to the diamonds as quickly as possible."

"And your father knew that you were trying to warn me?"

"Certainly. He knew who stole the money, of course, and did not want to see an innocent man punished for the crime. Oh, I'm sorry for uncle!"

"Well!" said Bement, taking the girl's hand, "all we have to do now is to get back to Chicago and live happily ever after. By the time Kalkenbrenner—God bless him—has secured his wild animals, your father will be able to travel, and my wound will be healed. What about Ginger and the leopard's kittens?"

"They must go back with us, of course. Oh, you'll find me still in love with wild animals! And the graphophone I charmed the natives with, and the wild beasts, must have a place of honor in our parlor."

They carried so long on their bridal tour that Ginger and Chloe met them on the pier at New York. And Susie and Clelie were there, and after the usual show party, because of the coming from Chicago of a certain young man who became Kalkenbrenner had promised Clelie that he would never go hunting wild animals again!

When Bement's suite happy with Bamalt, thank you, and the kittens are rolling over the parlor floor like real cats. But they'll soon be too large for that!

The end.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young.
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angel is sung.

It is coming, old earth, it is coming today,
On the snow-flakes that covered thy sod,
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and they
And the voice of the Christ-child tells sweet and low
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor
The voice of the Christ-child shall fall;
And to eyes that are closed and hearts that are sore
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With its sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field,
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed,
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas are pealed
That mankind are the children of God.

IDEALS OF PEMBERTON.

Pemberton was wandering through the South as a book agent when he met Nannie Richards.

She was standing in a peach orchard. Perhaps it was the peach blossoms, perhaps it was the pretty face, or it may have been the climate, but Pemberton succumbed to the charms of the girl.

He talked to her about the merits of his book. He did not mention the girl, for she was handsome before and she had never listened to any one who had such such melliflu-ent tones.

Pemberton remained for a few days in the neighborhood and wrote a sonnet about peach blossoms and somebody's dimity dress and somebody's pink and white complexion and they were married.

Pemberton had no definite idea what he intended to do in life. He thought that he would be content to settle down in a clerkship. He found at the end of three years that the girl's father was willing to trust him. His head was full of unrealized ideals.

"I know how you feel," said Fannie one day. "You think that if you had not married you might have been a great college. Me and the baby drag you down. Now, don't say you don't, Mr. Pemberton, for I know I sin't worthy of you, but——"

"Am not," said Pemberton. "Don't say ain't."

The Pembertons had little money when they came to Chicago, but Pemberton succeeded in getting two or three youngsters in the preparatory school where he was to write a sonnet which he sold to one of the magazines. Upon the strength of this he contributed to other poetry periodicals.

A year went by and the summer vacation came. Pemberton obtained work with the assistance of several students, organized the Horizon University summer school.

Then it was that Pemberton's wife took a decisive step. She apparently had been under the impression that as a student in the summer school.

For three weeks Nannie Pemberton walked every day to the institution on the hill. Then she went no more in the recitation rooms of the old college.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I find that the baby suffers all my time."

The next day Pemberton appeared on the scene. He had been specially selected for the rest of the term as a special student. He could never be expected that a genius should devote himself to the care of a baby that his wife could get an education.

Then the college year opened. A look of discontent seemed to have settled upon Pemberton's face. He was absent and distracted in his manner.

One day, at his wife one afternoon as she came into his study. "You don't seem to be happy. You've got your mind on some thing."

"Sit down," answered Pemberton, and there was much condescension in his tone that the woman blushed for joy. "The fact is, Anna, I feel that Horizon is too small a place for me. I am determined to bring before the world a new American school of literature. I can do it best from the classic shades where Longfellow walked. I wish to go to Harvard."

"And you will, Jim," said his wife, as she went reverently away.

The poet pleaded and did not even tell her that her grammar was faulty.

That afternoon, as far as the baby and Nannie would permit, Pemberton's wife spent in thought. The more she meditated the more convinced she was that she had not done her full duty by her husband. She was sure that she might easily work several more hours out of the twenty-four than she had been doing.

She went to a tailor shop that afternoon and brought home a large, square-looking package. All through the winter term Pemberton's wife toiled every night until after midnight.

While Pemberton lived in cloudland a bank account in his wife's name was steadily growing. The man did not notice, as others did, that his collars and left his wife's cheeks and that her form was bent and shrunken.

"I am not so sure," he said to her one day, "that I will be recognized during my college days. I have a strong impression, and that is that I shall have posthumous fame."

"I'll help you get it, Jim," said his wife.

A widow who made Pemberton her home and had nothing to do especially, buttonholed Pemberton one morning and told him he was not doing his duty by his wife.

"You ought to get her out in society more," she said.

That is the reason that the little woman, high spirited as she found herself on the next reception of Pemberton's class. She realized that her hands had become coarse and red and that her dress did not fit. She was glad to shrink back into a corner.

She was thinking of the time when Jim would have the kind of fame with the long adjective, when he should be so happy, when she heard some one mention her husband's name. She was so far back in the corner that the two young women who were talking did not see her.

"When his turn came to give a quotation in the German class this morning," the girl with the spectacles was saying, "he proceeded to air his domestic affairs. He rolled up his eyes and quoted from Schiller's 'Song of the Bell:'

"The passion is short and the regret is long."

"Being, as I take it," commented the girl with the eyeglasses, "a public announcement of the fact that he is tired of his partner."

For days thereafter the carriage of a delegation was seen before the door of Pemberton's little cottage. The news spread through the college community that in spite of all that had been said Pemberton's wife was "very low." The forces of her life seemed spent.

"Her constitution has been undermined while she was working for the girl exclusively," said the physician.

"She has a broken heart," he might have said, had he only known.

Even the great epic poem, which was the corner stone of the new American school of literature, was deserted. Pemberton, face to face with the reality of life, knelt at his wife's bedside and between sobs prayed that she might be spared to him.

There came a day when Pemberton's wife felt that the end of all had come.

"Jim," she said, "you have forgotten about Harvard and that fame with the long name that you wanted so bad. Unbeknownst to you I have been saving money. There ought to be enough to get through a year at Harvard, allowing that it cost twice as much as it does here. Never mind about the baby. My folks has agree'd to take care of him. Good-by, Jim, and God bless you."

"Don't!" moaned the man as he clutched his wife's thin hand. "Can't you see that you're killing me? Come back! For God's sake, come back!"

* * *

Pemberton was busy in his grocery store out in Iowa the other day when he saw his own handiwork in the form of a paper which he was wrapping about a box of axle grease.

"Hello, Nan!" he said to a bright-faced woman who had just come in. "Did you see that sonnet I published last week? She's the custodian of the last remnant of the School of American Literature."

"You haven't outgrown quite up your ideals, Jim, really you oughtn't," said Pemberton's wife as she looked with tender reproach into her husband's eyes.

Late Stayer Again.

"Evangeline," said the old colonel at breakfast, "er—what does that young man follow?"

"What young man, papa?" asked the young lady in well-feigned surprise.

"Why, the one that calls three nights a week and never notices the clock."

"Oh, papa, he has political aspirations. He really expects to be elected a Legislator."

"H'm. Well, tell him not to practice any all-night sessions around here."

To do the job up right Santa Claus should furnish unlimited credit with the repair man.

CORNISH From Factory to Home On a Year's Free Trial Easy Terms

Two Years Credit If Needed

Why Shouldn't You Buy As Low As Any Dealer?

Buy On The Cornish Plan which, in brief, places a strictly high-grade piano in your home on a year's free trial. If, at the end of such time, you are not entirely satisfied, and if your own choice, giving you 2 years to test the instrument before you complete the purchase, and we give you an ironclad Deed of Trust to the piano, which is filed with the banker named in our reference, for 2 years.

Send For The New CORNISH BOOK

The most beautiful piano catalog ever published; it shows the choicest of our 50 latest styles and explains things you should know before you buy a piano. The book is yours for the asking. Write for it now and mention the name of the publication in which you saw this announcement.

We save you $100 and more on the purchase of a piano.

CORNISH CO. Washington, N. J. Established over 50 years

Save one-third—buy on the Cornish plan.

MAGIC NEEDLES Gilding, Nickelplating, Repairing, Polishing, Enameling, Lacquering, Etc. FREE P. S. BLACK, Jr. 10 NAS 22d PLATTSB, N.Y.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME $1200 per year upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home. Only those who apply to simplest English. Diploma granted at completion. Graduates assisted to positions. Catalogue free. CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, Dept. 19, London, Canada.

20 CHRISTMAS POST CARDS No Two Alike—Latest Designs. 10c
Lovely assortment of Tweety Artistic Christmas, New Year, and Floral Greetings. All for only 10 cents. If you answer this ad, immediately. Address F. H. Sessions, Dept. 3383 W. 31st St., Chicago.

WHISKEY FREE
How to get a whisky gallon free, by express prepaid, keep in your house, and have all the whisky you want. Write for free particulars today. Send stamp.
A. Logan, 610 Green Bay Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

POULTRY PAPER FREE
COMMERCIAL POULTRY, a journal devoted to the turkeys, geese, ducks, guinea fowls, pigeons, pet stock, bees, dogs, ferrets, etc. Published monthly. Every number contains valuable information by practical men who are prepared by men who have made a success of raising poultry. Each issue tells the results, in articles, how to produce the best results with the smallest expenditure. Send 10c in stamps for 3 months' trial, or send for free sample copy. Address COMMERCIAL POULTRY CO., Dept. 23, Marseilles, Ill.

FREE TO YOU
LORD'S PRAYER BANGLE PIN
We mean what we say. We will send to any address, FREE OF CHARGE THIS LOVELY BANGLE PIN with the entire Lord's Prayer engraved on it if you will send 10 cents for name and address of 3 friends.
REED MFG. CO., 332-37 St., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

Send on Approval. Send No Money. $1.50
WE WILL TRUST YOU TEN DAYS. HAIR SWITCH
Send a lock of your hair, and we will mail a 24 in. 22 oz. short stem switch to match, same day order is received. Pay 4c in postage, and if it is not satisfactory, send it back and get your money back. Many claims to fame, but this one is genuine. Free book showing latest style of hair dressing—and how to make your own switch.
THE ROYAL CO., Dept. 1776, 17 Quincy St., Chicago.

LACE CURTAINS FREE
Large, full-size, beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains. Not a piece, but a curtain. Enough to cover any window. Easy to do and come and address at once. These curtains, the entire package of beautiful highly-colored Art Cards and gilt embossed Post Cards, all different, to distribute by us among our friends, to introduce our special plan at the same. When distributed and sold send the money collected and we will send you the curtains, without one penny of cost. Don't delay. Address, THE ROYAL CO., Dept. 1776, 17 Quincy St., Chicago. Household Mfg., TOPEKA, KANSAS.

GULF COAST Texas Land
Clem. H. Hood, of Provident City, Texas, sold 40 acres of rice land to 40 neighbors, located netting out $20 per acre profit. Hood says: "I have made $1,000 on land I bought for $200." Others have made more than $5,000.
$2 Per Acre Cash balance easy monthly pay. Write Farm and Land Dept. 1776, 17 Quincy St., Chicago, for free booklet telling all about it. Land is located in the famous Texas rice belt. The acres of this ground intelligently cared for will produce more than forty bushels of rice each and 2 to 3 tons of cane per acre, besides vegetables.
FREE Our booklet will be sent free to all who write for it. Don't wait! Send for it now. Information furnished by mail only, and not by personal solicitation. Address, GULF COAST LAND DEPT., 1776, 17 Quincy St., Chicago.

Cancer Cure
Without Knife or Pain or Pay until Cured.
HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS from people who will write you how we cured their lives. Book, 100 Pages, Printed Cuts, Free.
3000 cured in 26 years.
Any tumor or lump in often cancer also
ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST IS NEARLY ALWAYS CANCER and IS DANGEROUS
will prove easy to the cruel, and kill quickly.
Address DR. & MRS. CHAMLEE & CO. Chamlee Building
N. E. 201 & 203 N. 12th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
KINDLY SEND TO SOMEONE WITH CANCER

THE MISTLETOE.

Here in her father's library,
On Christmas eve, I wait, sedately
Till Mistress Nancy comes to me—
That damsel most serene and stately.

And dangling from the chandelier
A berried spray (long since I knew it)
Seems to proclaim, "She hung me here,
I dare you—dare you—do it, do it."

Well, Christmas comes but once a year—
Less often such a chance I fancy,
So, ere you cross the room, I fear
That something may surprise you, Nancy.

Bright Boy.

Her Father—So you want to marry my daughter, eh?

Her Suitor—That's the idea.

Her Father—What are you going to live on?

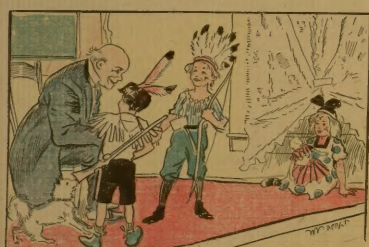
Her Suitor—I was thinking about living on you.

A Matrimonial Venture.

Blinkers—Hello, Winkers. I hear you married a woman with an independent fortune.

Winkers (sadly)—N-o; I married a fortune with an independent woman.

NOT IN IT.



"A holiday game, eh? And what is it?"
"We're playing 'Indians.'"
"Won't you let me play with you?"
"Oh, you can't be an Indian, uncle, you're already scalped."

A Common Lack.

Unsuccessful Statesman—I don't seem to get along very well. What is it I lack?

His Wife—Humor.

Unsuccessful Statesman—Huh! Suppose I had a keen sense of the ridiculous, what good would that do?

His Wife—You would see your own shortcomings.

In the Wrong Place.

Grocer (answering kicker's 'phone call)—"Dry as a bone," you say? Why, sir, you must be mistaken. Those oranges I sent you were selects—the best in the store—they were raised in California, on irrigated land.

Kicker—Oh, the dickens with the irrigated land! I want irrigated oranges!

INDEED?

Be glad when it's December
And Christmas comes apace
That you are not a member
Of any sockless race.

Sour Grapes.

"Tomorrow will be my birthday," remarked the fair typewriter maid, "and I'm going to take a day off."

"Huh!" sneered the bookkeeper, who had loved and lost, "why don't you take five years off as you did the last time you had a birthday?"

An Astounded Husband.

He (after marriage)—What? You have no fortune? You said over and over again that you were afraid some one would marry you for your money.

She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.

A Stirring Drama.

First Theater-goer—How was the new play last night?

Second Theater-goer—Grand! They had a big tank of real water, and one of the supes was drowned.

How to Get a Big Mail.

The publishers and manufacturers of the country are anxious to get names of people, so they can send papers, samples and catalogues to them. The Agents' Director List of Indiana, Pa., publish a little book every three or four months. This book has hundreds of names and addresses in it. You can have your name published in this Agents' Directory for only 10 cents in stamps, and you will get many times the cost in the value you receive in the way of free samples and mail. Just send 10 cents in silver or stamps to the Agents Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Well! Well!!

Santa—Now, how do they think I'm to get down a thing like that?

A Helping Hand.

Mistress (hurrying frantically)—Mary, what time is it now?

Maid—Half-past 2, mum.

Mistress—Oh, I thought it was later: I still have twenty minutes to catch the steamer.

Maid—Yis, mum, I knew ye'd be rushed, so I set the clock back thirty minutes to give yer more time.

Tales of Two Cities.

Omaha Man (proudly)—Thousands of Nebraska cows have to be milked twice a day to supply Omaha alone.

Chicago Man (loftily)—Pooh! Thousands of Illinois cows have to be milked four times a day to supply Chicago.

An Equivocal Remark.

"Did you ever stop to think, my dear," said Mr. Micawber, gazing at his plate of lobster salad, "that the things we love most in this life are the very things that never agree with us?"

"Will you be so kind," said Mrs. Micawber, straightening up, "as to tell me whether you are speaking of the salad or of me, sir?"

Cause for Unhappiness.

"Yes, it must be a terrible thing to go through life without your limb. But you must remember it will be restored to you in the next world."

"I know it will, mum, but dat don't encourage me, for it was cut off when I was a baby, an' it won't come within a couple of foot of de ground w'en it's restored."

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to face and neckbreast to the cheeks, preserving it to the very last years of old age. This preparation has been used for years and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with it. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 682, Blairsville, Pa.

Getting at the Facts.

Miss Knox—I hear you are talking of getting married again.

Miss Oldham—Getting married again! Why, I've never been married.

Miss Knox—Yes, I know. I said you were talking of it again.

Discouraging a Poet.

Poet—When I finished that poem I was completely exhausted.

Editor—I can sympathize with you, old man. I was in the same condition when I finished reading it.

Terrible Anyway.

"They say Jones drinks terribly."

"Oh, awfully! He makes a noise like a horse!"

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

"I don't expect ter git nothin' in it, gents, but I jest hang it up because I think it's de proper thing ter encourage and keep up der old and time honored customs."

Woman and a Bee.

"A woman is like a bee," remarked the Sageville sage.

"What's the answer?" we ask.

"Whenever I see one it suggests either honey or a sting," answered the S. S.

And after we had thought it over for a couple of days we thought we could see where the old man was right.

AN AUTUMN WAIL.

The saddest blow of tongue or pen
Is to seek your overcoat and then
Discover that it's missing, while
Your wife speaks up, with sheepish smile:
"'Twas full of moth and moldy damp—
So I gave it to a poor old tramp."

Choosing His Time.

An Irishman accosted a gentleman in the street late at night with a request for the time. The gentleman, suspecting that Pat wished to snatch his watch, gave him a stinging rap on the nose, with the remark: "It has just struck one."

"Be Jabers," retorted Pat, "I'm glad I didn't ask ye an hour ago."

He Who Laughs Last, etc.

The old colored man had climbed into the dentist's chair of torture.

"Shall I give you laughing gas, uncle?" queried the tooth carpenter.

"Not till after de toof am out, boss," replied the old man. "Reckon mebby Ah'll feel mo' lake laffin' den."

A Distressing Mistake.

Mother—What was the matter with Mr. Nicefellow tonight? He left rather early for an engaged young man.

Daughter (beginning to sob)—He—he began hugging and—and kissing me, and I told him that wasn't right, and he—boohoo—he stopped.

A Satisfactory Answer.

When a Scotchman answers a question he settles the matter in dispute once for all. On a certain occasion the question was asked: "Why was Mary, Queen of Scots, born in Linlithgow?"

Sandy Kerr promptly answered; "Because her mither was staying there."

TEASING.

Gerald—Suppose I give you myself for a Christmas present?
Geraldine—Why, Mr. Wisher. How would you look on our Christmas tree?

AGENTS WANTED

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS

Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents coin money; sell with each comb a FREE PROOF LONG MAGNETIC COMB; one comb cures HEADACHE, stops falling hair; RESEMBLE PROF. LONG, 787 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

2 Gold Rings GIVEN

Sell 10th Socks Proof Dandruff Hair Tonic and Soap

Stanford Remedy at 10c each. WE TRUST YOU. When sold return the $1 and we will send these 2 handsome rings, or choice from premium list. 4 others free with Socks. Stanford Remedy Perfumer Co., Box 183, Woodsboro, Md.

CHRISTMAS

Telling the Truth.

Mother—You been at the doughnut box again, ain't ye?
Ethel—Oh, mamma, I only ate one.
Mother—One, eh?
Ethel—Yeth; thath all there wath.

Thievery Somewhere.

Senior Partner—Keep a sharp eye on Holdfast. I'm afraid he's robbing the firm.
Junior Partner—Eh? Is he living extravagantly?
Senior Partner—Well, I passed him on the street yesterday, and he was smoking a cigar that didn't smell bad at all.

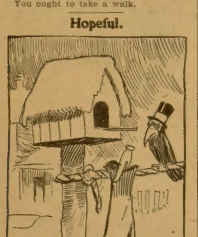
An Average Republic.

Returned Traveler—What became of Boss Mulhooly, the notorious boodler?
Citizen—He died in the penitentiary.
Returned Citizen—Served him right. And what became of Mr. Goodsoul, the reformer who exposed him?
Citizen—He died in the poorhouse.

OF COURSE.

When 'neath the mistletoe she stands
In some slight lull of talk,
If still you cannot take a hint
You ought to take a walk.

Hopeful.



Billy Sparrow—Gee! I hope they'll leave this stocking on the line till after Christmas. Santa will think it's mine and fill it full of good things, maybe.

Real Slow.

Belle—The slowest young man I ever met. We walked out on the hillside and he said I had reminded him of a beautiful autumn leaf.
Belinda—Well, that was pretty, my dear.
Belle—Yes, but the goose didn't have enough sense to say all beautiful autumn leaves should be pressed.

The Place for Them.

Jest—Of course, Noah must have taken bees with him.
Josh—Oh! certainly.
Jest—Just think how they must have stung the animals while they flew about.
Josh—Oh! I guess Noah kept them shut up in the archives.

A Sickly District.

Deacon Rumsbue—Got any Doctor Nosepaint's Bitters?
Druggist (Prohibition State)—Sorry to say, deacon, I'm just out. Boss Mulhooly came in this morning and bought the last forty bottles for a ward caucus.

MOST ANYTHING.

What would you give, old graybeard,
Of wealth and hoarded gold,
Of money that you cannot use,
If you a few score years might lose
And could on Christmas day "enthuse"
Just like a "10-yer-old"?

Change of Programme.

Wife—The Gossip Sewing Society meets this afternoon, and I'll run over for a couple of hours, if you think you can keep the baby quiet.
Smart Husband (who wouldn't hurt a fly)—Oh, I'll do it. I'll keep him quiet if I have to choke him.
Wife—On second thoughts, I don't believe I feel like sewing this afternoon. Let's go to the park.

The Passing of Bornrich.

Returned Tourist—What has become of Bornrich? He was a prince of good fellows. Everybody liked him. So genial and generous!
Resident—Oh, he's got to be a regular nuisance. Here he comes now. Let's dodge into an alleyway.
Tourist—Spent all his money, eh?

An Unprofitable Month.

President Nickel-in-the-slot Company—How were the profits this month?
Treasurer—Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses.
President—H'm! Some of the machines must have been in order.

AT 6 A. M.—"WAKE UP, DADDY! SANTY WAS HERE!"

An Accomplished American.

Wife—So Mr. Finemind has been nominated for a high office. Do you think he can command the full party vote?
Husband—Don't fear. He's all right. He can be as low down as anybody when he tries.

A Martyr to Duty.

Mrs. Greatman—Horrors! Such a looking face! You've been on a spree.
Honorable Mr. Greatman—N-o, m' dear; I've—hic—been to a con—hic—gressional funeral.

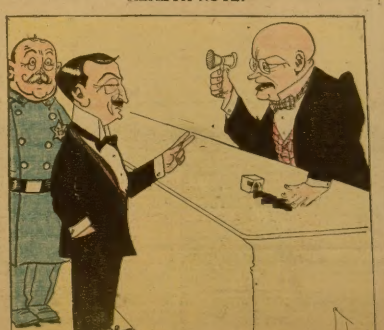
Inheritance.

"Little Miss Fetchit has very taking ways."
"That's an inheritance."
"It is?"
"Sure it is; her mother was a kleptomaniac."

Small Capital.

First Theater-goer—Mrs. de Style, who went on the stage, after a divorce scandal has failed to make expenses.
Second Theater-goer—Well, it wasn't much of a scandal, anyhow.

HEALTH NOTE.



Mr. Askem—Is the water around here healthy?
Mrs. Tibbins—Certainly, sir; we have nothing but well water.

AGENTS WANTED

SWIFTLIT
WORKS LIKE CITY GAS
In Your Home or Store. No "Plumber" to start it. Lights like a flash with a touch of a match. Burns 80 hours on one gallon of gasoline. Costs a cent to operate if you use a "Swiftlit" lamp. Think of that!
Radically different from any lamp you ever saw or heard of. Just like City Gas and 5 better. Absolutely safe. Impossible to explode or get out of order. Guaranteed 5 years. Thousands of "Swiftlit" lamps are now used by the people of the U. S. We were established in 1895. You can't afford to be without one. If you can be our Agent in your neighborhood, write for wholesale price on sample lamp. Sent prepaid. Don't wait. Write at once. Today. Enclose 10 cents and we will send you a "Swiftlit" Key Fob. You will. SWIFTLIT MFG. CO., DEPT. 10, ST. LOUIS.

AGENTS CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. Terms Free. NATIONAL AGENCY CO., Box 203, Fisk's Is, New York

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND EXPENSES to men with rig to introduce our Poultry Compound. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., Dept. 67, Fremont, Nebraska

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures 1 cent. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. $5 Outfit Consolidated Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. A1441, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

AGENTS $90 A WEEK EXPENSES PAID. No experience or capital required. We draw credit; give exclusive territory, and carry complete line of 300 enlarged portraits, frames, picture outfits, etc. Write for catalog and special offer. CRAYON PORTRAIT CO., Dept. 25, 1328-1330 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

PORTRAIT AND FRAME 55c Price Does not Include Agents wanted. Sun Co. Portraits and Frames. National Portrait Co., Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY selling our Metallic Sign Letters for office windows, factories and stores. No experience needed. Anyone can stick them on. Write for terms. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MINE IN ONE $5 monthly. Combination Pocket Knife, Rolling Pin, Nine articles combined. Lightning Seller. Sample free. FISHER MFG. CO., 32 2nd St., Bayou, O.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars
Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Expenses advanced when you buy from us. Address MONOTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box 628 DANVILLE, VIRGINIA.

AGENTS $35 weekly selling our Sun-Ray Electric Burner. Its all brighter, 3 times brighter than gas at 1-20th its cost. No mantles, chimneys, odor, smoke or dirt. Insert in any lamp. Information free. Address Simplex Gaslight Co., 62 Park Place, New York, Room 8.

STARK Nurseries want more good salesmen and women. We pay cash weekly, make most liberal contract and give best outfit free. Write! We'll be glad. STARK BRO'S Louisiana, Missouri

$5000 In Prizes to Davis AGENTS
We give our agents monthly bon profits for selling our high-grade Coffee, Tea and Spices. Write for our free prize plan. Can be run with or without premiums. $15 to $25 weekly assured to anyone that will try. Don't delay, but write this line. E. W. DAVIS COFFEE COMPANY, Established 1893 1472 Carroll Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS 200% PROFIT Handy, Automatic PANT FASTENER Drawer with old pants strap, Every owner and tailor will want them. Patent entirely with glover or. Outwears the pants. Sells on sight. Big profits and permanency. Write today for exclusive territory and special terms. F. Thomas Mfg. Co., 717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

$18 TO $30 A WEEK SURE
SELLING THIS HEAVY 100 AH
Success positive. Wearever Turner made $1,500 last year. Sold 17 first day. You can do as well. Sells on sight. Think. 10 tools in 1. Free Sample to hustler. Write quick. Wearever Tool Mfg. Co., Dept 402 Dayton, Ohio

A BOON TO EVERY HOUSEHOLD
The Sanitary Aluminum Tea & Coffee Strainer
This strainer is the product of a long series of experiments and far superior to any in the market. It is a substitute for all any household, as light as a feather, extremely durable, and will not break. It is useful for a child piece to use on pots to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although very light, it will outlast cost wire strainer. Sample 10c. Agents wanted. W. G. WATKINS, Fulton Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

BIG MAIL FREE!
Would you like to get a good, honest, square deal and make money? You gotcha. We know that many advertisements supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and address for the purpose of sending samples, circulars, letters, premium offers and circulars in good names and address. We are hard to get and are quite expensive. We pay for an AGENTS DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses of agents in different parts of the country and these Directory Lists is concerns we know are entitled to good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name carefully so the printer will not make a mistake, be sure to give your street number and town also plainly. Send 10 cents to pay for postage and you will hear from us without fail. We have been publishing the Agents Directory List for several years and refer to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agents' Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST, PERUNA, Indiana County, PENNA.

CARLISLE'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

"It seems almost like the Garden of Eden," said Dorris softly as she looked about her.

Carlisle laughed. "It's a big improvement on the original," he suggested. "Eve picked one apple, and both she and Adam were evicted. Here you can pick all the oranges you can eat and it's only a shilling, including a surf bath. They didn't have surf bathing in the Garden of Eden."

"That's just like you," scolded Dorris, "spoiling it all with your materialism. It's just as lovely as though it cost lots more."

"Adam apologizes humbly," declared Carlisle. "Let's get up to the top of the hill." Dorris turned, the frown still upon her face, but the white brow was smooth and unwrinkled as she paused at the top of the rise.

Across the blue water of the harbor the town of Nassau rose upon the hill, the flowering bougainvillea crowning the top. At either end of the town Charlotte and Montague guarded the entrance to the harbor just as they had in those bygone days when the guns belched fire at the enemy and the natives trembled in fear of the invasions.

Now, the forts were simple shore places, a part of the quaint subtropical panorama in which only the modern hotel struck a jarring note.

"It's perfect—except for the hotel," whispered Dorris. "It's all so picturesque in the places we know. It is almost like a new world, except for that great, ugly building."

"Look toward the east," suggested Carlisle. "Then you don't see the hotel and you can imagine the sponging fleet getting ready to go out and do battle with the enemy. You can see only the old hotel then."

"That's a part of Nassau, but the new place is a part of the World-wide railway system. I wish I could get back into the past and see the old town as it was."

"Still proclaiming against the modern," chuckled Carlisle. "I don't mind admitting that I am rather glad that the hotel is here. It assures a certain definite comfort after the rough times in the Garden of Eden and want something more substantial than oranges—and apples."

"Just fancy picking oranges off the trees the week before Christmas!" said Dorris, in a low confidential voice, as though she were telling a secret.

It was all very different from the last time he had been with Dorris. That was at Bar Harbor, in the summer, when she had shown a preference for his society and allowed him to paddle her about to the exclusion of every other man. Then he had thought an Eden until the serpent came.

The serpent had appeared to him or a serpent with his crafty ways and his insinuating voice, and from that day a spirit had marked the commencement of Carlisle's despair.

Dorris had gone off with the party of which the duke formed a member aboard the Masten yacht, and Carlisle had stayed again in the fall, she was as pleasant as ever, but there was a subtle difference, a half-tender intimacy which had so encouraged Carlisle in the summer.

He had followed Dorris across for the winter season in the hope of regaining his lost ground, but he had not succeeded. Not the slightest suggestion of sentiment was met by a chilling word, and Carlisle had adjusted himself to the new condition unwillingly enough.

Today, carried out of herself by the beauty of the spot, she was more like her old self, and when the first shock was over Carlisle followed unwillingly enough. Across the harbor came the sound of music, and he caught at her arm for an instant.

"I want you to make me Christmas promise," he pleaded. "Let me take you out on the water Christmas night. It will be better than the ball, and there will be plenty of time for the ball afterward."

"I shall be tired," she said, comprehendingly, and Carlisle took heart of grace.

Christmas day dawned in a perfect salute of firecrackers that stunned the ears, and Miss Wheaton found Carlisle engaged in the serious occupation of setting off packs of crackers for the amusement of small darkies.

But Dick's Christmas joy came late in the day when he helped Dorris into a light boat and, with strong strokes, pulled out into the harbor. The moon rose late but the sky was thick with stars and there was just a suggestion of chill in the air that was graceful after the hot day.

Here and there above the old-fashioned houses there rose the glowing trail of a rocket or the brilliantly colored balls of the roman candles that lighted for an instant the soft green of the palms and the dense masses of foliage. In the hotel grounds an elaborate display was being set off, but Dorris preferred to watch the smaller displays and Dick obligingly rowed up to them.

"We might stop off at the 'Garden of Eden,' Eve," he suggested, "though I'm afraid he hasn't a Sinsabaugh used to bury his men there."

"We are to be driven from thegarden," she laughed. "It is only when there is some one there to collect the shillings that he is welcome."

"Still, I'd like to be back in Eden," insisted Dick. "You were more your old self there than you have been since Bar Harbor."

"Please don't speak of Bar Harbor," asked Dorris, and her voice was cold again.

"This makes me think of Fourth of July night there," persisted Dick, "and the moment that is the moment I spoke. You had joined the party on Masten's yacht, so I took Dick Belding's sister out in the rowboat and—"

"It was Bella Belding you had in your canoe?" interrupted Dorris. "Are you certain of that, Dick?"

"I saw her myself," he declared with a laugh.

"I don't mean that," said Dorris. "I mean you are certain that it was the night of the fourth?"

"It was the only time I had her out. One never forgets an occasion like that," declared Dick.

Dorris laughed. Bella Belding's somewhat ancient and faded charms as an object for her hunt for a husband was becoming a joke in their circle.

"The duke told me that it was the Spanish dancer you had in your canoe," she said. "We passed you in our canoe. He said that was why you had refused the invitation to join our party."

"In the first place, the Spanish dancer was a big strapping girl, and I had Bella that night," said Carlisle. "In the second place, the duke knew it was Bella, because he helped her into the canoe and then went to his own boat. In the third and last place, I was not with the duke's party."

"But the duke said he had delivered the invitation and that you had refused it," said Dorris. "He said you had pleaded an engagement for the evening."

"I was at the club," said Carlisle. "That should be the answer. He was trying to get me out of the way. I told him then that he did not succeed. That is why you——"

"I thought you preferred the dancer—and such a dancer!" said Dorris, coldly.

"And now that you know how I prefer you to all the rest of the world put together," said Carlisle, "do you think that you care for me—Eve?"

Dorris turned her glowing face toward the cool shadows of their Garden of Eden. "I think so—Adam," she whispered.

Carlisle rested upon the boat to claim his betrothal kiss.

"My Christmas Eve," he cried.

HIS SHATTERED SWAY.

"I think I might go," she said, slipping the precious home letter under the table cover and tapping a nervous tattoo on the edge of the bread tray.

A pleasant but strikingly domineering face opposite, which had been her barometer of her conjugal privileges for three years, lengthened, visibly and the usual reply was forthcoming: "There is no necessity, so far as I can see."

This was equivalent to "You cannot go, so make up your mind to stay at home."

Mrs. Harold Cunningham did not shrink into timid acquiescence, as was her wont heretofore. A dull flush crept into her face, causing it to look all the more lovely for a moment.

She was about to make a sharp reply when her husband anticipated her by saying: "I have an appointment with the Edwins tonight; I can't take you, for there are no ladies invited, and, of course, there must be some one at home to see to things."

The look of mere pouting defiance gave place to a sudden sadness and serene determination, and Nellie shut her lips firmly over the words that would

Pickled Peppers

Rube Waddell's Vain Hope.

"Rube" Waddell, who sometimes pitches ball and sometimes defends divorce suits, had a finger badly hurt when he was now as a baseball player, and a doctor was called to attend to it. The surgeon was cheerful and insisted that after a little rest the finger would be as good as ever.

"Sure of that?" asked the Rube.

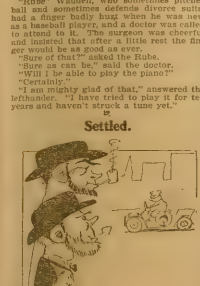
"Sure as can be," said the doctor.

"Will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly."

"I am mighty glad of that," answered the pitcher-slinger. "I have tried to play it for ten years and haven't struck a tune yet."

Settled.



Bill—Say, Jim, what do automobiles carry life preservers for?

Jim—Ah, because a good many of them owners get into deep water before they pay for the machines.

The Matter of an Allowance.

"My dear," whispered the young man, "as we are so soon to be married, we should take a practical view of life, and profit by the mistakes of others. For instance, there is the subject of a regular allowance every week for spending money, you know."

"Oh, I've thought of that," she replied sweetly.

"Have you?"

"Yes, indeed. Hundreds and hundreds of times, and lately I haven't thought of much else."

"Eh?"

"Why, Your income is two thousand dollars, isn't it?"

"Yes; and I want it to go as far as possible toward your happiness."

"Of course. Well, I've talked it over with mamma, and she thinks an allowance of one dollar a week will be plenty."

"Indeed!"

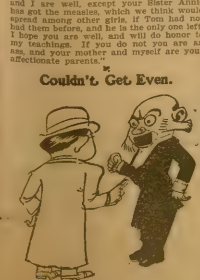
"Oh, yes. You can walk to the office, you know, and carry your lunch, you know, and so you can use the whole dollar for cigars, and neckties, and things."

Some Fatherly Advice.

The following was sent by a countryman to his son in college not many years ago:

"My Dear Son: I write to send you two pairs of old breeches, that you may have a new coat made of them. Also some new socks, which your mother has knit by cutting down some of hers. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and, for fear you will not spend it wisely I have kept back half and only send five. Your mother and I are well, except your father. Annie has got the measles, which we think would spread among other girls, if Tom had not had them before, and he is the only one left. I hope you are well, and will do honor to my teachings. If you do not you are an ass, and your mother and myself are your affectionate parents."

Couldn't Get Even.



Hewitt—I'll publish you!

Jewett—You have the advantage of me; you're unfit for publication.

George's Lesson.

"Pa," said little George, when his father attempted to carve the Sunday duck, "I will be a-ble. I dulled the carving knife."

"My son," said George's father, after looking gravely at him for a few minutes, "I am glad to forgive you. Let me explain why I forgive you. It is because you have not tried to deceive me. You have told the truth. Therefore you shall not suffer punishment. I wish to have you realize that it is always best to tell the truth. You see how easy it is. If you had lied to me about having dulled the knife it would have been very hard for you to keep from letting us find out the truth—indeed, we should have found it out sooner or later, and then you would have been punished. Thus you would have been made very unhappy in addition to having been compelled to invent a lot of falsehoods, which would have been very hard work. A liar always creates trouble and sorrow for himself. Remember that. I did not mean to dull the knife."

"It was tryin' to whittle off one of the limbs of that tree you had set out in the back yard, 'cause it's got a nice prong for a slingshot."

"George, you can come into the attic with me. By thunder, I'll teach you not to cut limbs from trees that I've paid good money to have planted!"

His Privilege.

"Is Mrs. Clarissa Spudds in the room?" asked the medium who was conducting the seance.

A lady who sat back near the door sat up.

"I am Mrs. Clarissa Spudds," she said in firm, clear tones.

"There is a man here who wishes to speak to you. He says his name is William. Do you know any one by that name who has crossed over?"

"William was the name of my husband," Mrs. Spudds answered.

"Ah! Yes. He says he was your husband. He appears to be very anxious to say something—to convey a message to you. Is there anything in particular that you wish to ask him."

"No," said Mrs. Spudds. "I can't think of anything just now. There is, of course, a great deal that I would like to know about his condition over there, but I suppose he would not be able to tell me. They never are."

"He says he can tell you one thing about his condition over there. Shall I ask him to do so?"

"If—if you please," the lady replied, with a little gasp of mingled fear and surprise.

"He tells me to say to you that where he is now he is permitted to smoke all the time and nobody seems to be in the least afraid that it may effect his nerves or become a more expensive habit than he ought to indulge in."

Given Away.

Visitor—Bobby, is your sister in?

Bobby—Just ring the bell and ask the maid; she's paid for lying. I ain't.

No Pajames for Him.

"The late Col. A. K. McClure was a brilliant conversationalist," said a Philadelphia club man, according to the Philadelphia Bulletin. "I'll never forget his pajama story.

"Col. McClure told this story at a Clover club dinner in the old Bellevue of Philadelphia. It was a story about the Spanish war.

"There was a regiment. It seems, recruited from Conshohocken, Cinnaminson, Wawa and Manunka Chunk, and the ladies of those Pennsylvania towns got together after the regiment's departure and made a lot of pajamas for the soldiers. Pajamas were a new thing in those days; smart, exclusive, and so forth; the ordinary man wore a nightshirt.

"Well, these pajamas, in a half-dozen big packing cases, went duly Cubawards, but no word of their arrival ever came back. The ladies waited about a month. Then they wired to the Colonel, a genial, whole-souled Conshohockener.

"'Anxious to know if you got the pajamas last month.'

"The Colonel had never heard of pajamas. He wired back:

"'Yep.' He cut of whole cloth, probably fabricated by enemies to ruin me politically. Admit am not the valetudinar, but never had pajamas last month or any other time."

John Gets Back.

She stood there and glared at him.

"And you mean to stand there and ask me to press your trousers?" she demanded with all the sternness she could muster.

"Why, certainly, my dear," responded Mr. Stubb, affably; "is that asking too much?"

"Well, I should say it is, John Henry Stubb. I'd have you know that when you married me you did not marry a sadiron."

That evening his turn came.

"John, dear," chirped Mrs. Stubb just after supper, "I wish you would do me a favor before you go. Button my waist up in the back, that's a good man."

But Mr. Stubb merely puffed his cigar and chuckled softly.

"Nay! Nay! Maria. I would have you know when you accepted me you did not say 'Yes' to a buttonhook."

And, picking up his cane, he strode out.

Would Be Cruel.

Ella—Pa says they are tinkering with the tariff.

Stella—Yes, it will be just my luck to have them raise the duty on foreign noblemen before I get one.

A Near Neighbor.

A noted divine in Washington was consistently urging his flock to be more sociable and to give a hearty welcome to "the stranger within the gates," not forgetting to maintain a proper interest in the members of their own households. After one of his most effective sermons on his pet theme he went to the door as usual and began to shake hands industriously with the people passing out after the services.

He was much interested in a well-dressed and intelligent looking young girl, apparently a stranger, and greeted her heartily.

"I hope we may see you often here," he said. "We always have a warm welcome for new faces."

"Thank you, sir," she replied modestly.

"Do you live hereabout?" he went on.

The girl looked at him with a puzzled smile. "Yes, sir, I do."

"Will you kindly leave your address, and my wife and I will call on you some evening," he said.

"You would not have to go far to find me —I am your cook."

His Charity.

He was poor, but otherwise honest, and he had the courage to ask the heiress.

"Are you sure," she queried after the manner of her kind, "that you do not want to marry me for my money?"

"Of course I don't," he replied. "I am anxious to marry you because I haven't the heart to let you become an old maid merely because you happen to have a paltry half million."

A Way Out.

Leading Man—Darling, since your rich aunt cut you off in her will if you marry an actor I will not be selfish as to press you to keep our engagement.

Society Buckeye Belle—Harold, dear, we can easily get over that. You know all the critics say you are not an actor.

Surging Red Blood

REVIVED IN MEN AND WOMEN TOO.

Health and strength hitherto unknown, will be felt surging in rich red blood through the arteries and veins and life's greatest ambitions may be realized as never before, if the following special treatment is followed by those men and women, too, who are stricken with that most dreaded of all afflictions, nervous exhaustion, accompanied with such symptoms as extreme nervousness, insomnia, cold extremities, melancholia, headaches, constipation and dyspepsia, kidney trouble, etc. Under its influence [illegible] to act naturally at all times as other people do. Lack of poise and equilibrium in men is a constant source of embarrassment, even when the public least suspects it. For the benefit of those who want a restoration to full, bounding health and all the happiness accompanying it, the following home treatment is given. It contains no opiates or habit-forming drugs whatever. Mix it at home and no one will be the wiser as to your affliction.

The treatment is simple, thorough and correct. Leading druggists supply the main tinctures, extracts and essences in one-ounce bottles, ready to mix. Get three ounces each sarsaparilla compound, mix with one ounce compound fluid hamburg, and stand two hours. Add one ounce compound essence cardol, and one ounce tincture cadomene compound (not cardamom). Shake well and take a teaspoonful after each meal and one at bedtime.

The ingredients are used for various prescriptions.

Spanish Needles, Rods, Goldcenters for Vanishing Dimples. Silver and hidden fasteners. Our instruments are the best. Cat. 8 cents. Blanes Electrolysis Dept. 8 Fond du Lac, Wis.

PATENTS SECURED or Fee Returned. Free opinion as to patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and List of Inventions Wanted, sent free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

5 PIECE TRIMMED TOILET SET FREE. Write for Catalog. Agents Wanted. Big Profits. Exclusive territory. Send 10c for sample. Universal Mfg. Co., 1 Main St., Orange, N. J.

MAKE MONEY BY RAISING POULTRY. Fifty Years and Fifty Thousand Words. We will send "Poultry Lessons for the Amateur," postage prepaid, explaining many secrets in successful Poultry, 41 fifty cents a year. Send for free sample. Rm 81, Commercial Poultry Publishing Company, Boston, Mass.

MORPHINE FREE TRIAL TREATMENT

Opium and all drug habits. Hundreds of testimonials prove that our painless home remedy restores the nervous system, makes life worth living. A NO trial treatment sent free. Write us at once. ST. JAMES SANITARIUM, 1 St. James Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

$3.95 EXTRA SPECIAL

[illegible] Send us this ad with $3.95 and we will send you this Solid Gold Stickpin, [illegible] Ruby, Sapphire or Emerald [illegible] Pearl. A splendid opportunity to get a Solid Gold Stickpin at a low price. Send no money, just send us this ad and we will send you the pin, postpaid. If you are not satisfied after examination, return it and we will refund your money. Write for free Catalog. Address: LASKY & CO., Dept. 1, 1 Lasky Bldg., Chicago. Lasky's Corner, 6 to 8 Lasky Bldg.

Don't Wear a Truss

[illegible] Dr. C. Jones, Marshall, Mich., discovered under right conditions sound relief from rupture can be had of [illegible] work, and now my doctor bills [illegible] am strong and well. Before, I had to wear a truss. Now I wear [illegible] Rupture-Appliance and know [illegible] what it is to be without rupture. Write me how well and well I am recommending it. Write me today if you want relief. Address STUART S. JONES, 4264 Adams Building, Marshall, Mich.

FREE [illegible] Coupon Entitles the Bearer to One Dollar's Worth of Rupture Appliance Free. Good Only When Sent by Dr. Jones, Marshall, Mich. [illegible] Dollar's worth of rupture appliance free. [illegible] Dollar's worth of rupture appliance free. [illegible] Dollar's worth of rupture appliance free

RAW FURS

If you are disappointed with your returns for shipments in the past, we will explain to you the reason our shippers are satisfied; why we did about four times the amount of business last year that we did the year previous; why we did sixteen times as much business last year as we did two years ago. Your name and address, on a postal card, will bring you this information. Proof talks—we have it. Write to (1)

E. C. BLAKE & CO.
Dept. 20, 66 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Highest references. Best services.

RODS SPANISH NEEDLES, COLDMASTERS For Trapping, Spearing, Shooting Fish. 27 Styles & Sizes. ALBERT E. REED, 97 Bay St., PALMYRA, PA.

84 Cards for 10c 40 Best View Post Cards and 44 other good cards, all for 10c. Send 4c for 5 sample cards and 100 page catalog. WILLIAMS & CO. 2019 Archer Ave., Dept. 16, Chicago.

3127 Silks, Tags, Prize, Transparent Novelty, Xmas, Floral **CARDS** Samples 10c. Agents Wanted. Big Commissions. Big Premium Offer. 3127 Card Co., Lisbon, Ohio.

25 LOVERS' POST CARDS and 50 NAMES 10c. Fine Gilt Edge, Fancy Border, Hand Colored Cards, Embossed Cards, Etc. Send 10c and your name and address and receive 25 Lovers' Post Cards and 50 Names for 10c. Send 2c stamp for 100 Girls' Names. UNION CARD CO., 2 St. Clair, Cleveland, Ohio.

REMINGTON, $18.75

Standard Typewriter Exchange, 23 Park Row, New York.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of Farming to manage farms. Must be strictly temperate and reliable. Steady employment. Good wages. Address, stating age, experience and references, Box 1, Ledger Office.

HYPNOTISM

Mind's control of man. A science worth $1,000 to you. Learn it by mail. Particulars free. Prof. H. W. RUSSELL, Dept. 26, Westchester, N. Y.

POY'S BIG BOOK, MONEY IN POULTRY And Squabs. Tells how to start in small way and grow big. Describes and pictures Poultry Farm in the country and gives full information about poultry. Sent postpaid for 10c. in stamps. F. Foy, Box 16, Des Moines, Iowa

ECZEMA
CAN BE CURED. My self-healing treatment cures Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Blackheads, Dandruff, Itching Scalp and all skin troubles. Write for booklet and proofs of wonderful cures.
DR. CANNADAY, 108 Park Building, SEDALIA, MO.

ALL FOUR RINGS
Send us a piece of broken jewelry, old gold, silver, platinum, diamonds, watches, anything valuable; we will send you the money $1.00 to $2.00 by return mail. Send us a piece today. We trust you.
THE CARTER CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

AGENTS $3 to $10 A DAY
BOOKS IN Combination Pocket Knife and NICKEL PLATED Combination Tool Set
Watch Each Article Sells on Sight. Big Profits. Write Quick for FREE OUTFIT and proof of profits. Don't delay. Address
E. THOMAS MFG. CO., 319 W. 3rd St., Dayton, Ohio

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED
Nostrums or Opium Smoke. No return of asthma after using this treatment. Write for FREE TEST TREATMENT including worthless imitation. Send for any druggist's full description of the case you have. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D. 1 Whetzel Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Dept. A. American Lepro Co.

SPEAK AND WRITE CORRECTLY
trouble of **NEW STANDARD BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LETTER-WRITER**
Explains Rules of Pronunciation, Legal Forms, Leagues, Business Letters, Social Forms, Etiquette, Advertisements, Refused Letters, Business Forms, Legal Letters, Rules of Spelling, Punctuation, etc. Contains 320 pages, illustrated, 25c. Prepaid on receipt of price by
LAIRD & LEE, 263 Wabash Ave., Chicago

WETO GRAPH SECRET OF WRITING TO SUCCESS
Every one who writes letters should have a WETO GRAPH. It will improve your handwriting 50 per cent in a few days. If you have a Weto Graph you can write with ease and rapidity. Send for free booklet and testimonials. Agents wanted. Weto Graph Co., 1 Whetzel Building, Kalamazoo, Mich.

ELEGANT Thin Model FREE WATCH
Elegantest Thin Model Watch ever offered. Has the latest thin model movement, stem wind and stem set, handsome thin model case, guaranteed to keep perfect time. Sent free to any one who will sell only 20 packages of our Bluing at 10c. each. Write today and we will send you the watch prepaid, with 20 packages of Bluing. When sold send us $2.00 and watch is yours. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

$3.75
STEM WIND STEM SET
If you see it you will buy it. Let us tell you why. Send for free catalogue. Write today. Address
R. F. BARKER & CO., 211 MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

ASK FREE CATALOGUE
$18
FASTEST—SAFEST GUN EVER MADE
IN SHOOTING QUALITIES
LEATHER NAME D...
THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 7th Avenue, TOLEDO, O.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Canoemates in Canada;

Or, THREE CHUMS AFLOAT

By Archie McGregor

[Copyright 1909 by the Author.]

Begun in No. 48, November 27. Subscriptions can begin at that time. Back numbers can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XII.

A LITTLE WITCH.

AFTER that the post changed his mind for good sense to leave our young friends alone, though when they sauntered away most of them either thanked Cuthbert in a courteous French manner for his little treat, or else waved a hand at him, with a broad grin that stood for the same thing in the rough ways of their class.

Still, Owen asked no questions concerning what they had seen and heard when at the office of the old fur trader, though he were determined to exhibit not a sign of curiosity, no matter how much he would like to hear all.

So Cuthbert took it upon himself to relate much that had been said, even to the remark made by Mr. Gregory with reference to Owen himself, which, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the other turn rosy red, and then get his rich firmly at it though repressing his feelings.

"Evidently he will have to be drawn out, for I can see that nothing tempts him to open up of his own free will, and I want to add a while back that he meant to confide his story to us. Now, this thing has gone quite far enough, and if we are to be Owen's best friends and chums it's only right that he know who and all about us, before he and the Big Mogul have fallen out. So here goes while the coast is clean, and no strangers around."

So saying, Cuthbert turned to the Canuck and smilingly, said:

"Owen, my boy, you promised to tell us something about your life when an opportunity came. Now, I said then that I didn't want to intrude on your private affairs, but you insisted that we had a right to know; and since we've taken you into the combine as a fellow chum, and you're going to wander with me over a good part of this Dominion of Canada, I'm sure that the same to you, I wouldn't mind hearing all you've got to say now. I notice that people at this place has excited my curiosity, old chap, because I realize that there's been a mighty mix-up between you and Alexander over yonder. Now, he strikes me as not so bad a tyrant as I first imagined, because and perhaps the matter might be patched up between you. Remember, if there's anything that you'd prefer to keep to yourself, why you have only to say the word—just tell us as much or as little as you feel like. Anyhow we stand ready to give our full sympathy, and back you up to the limit. Now, that's how I size it, boy."

Owen drew a big breath, as though he had to nerve himself to relate these things to strangers; for he had lugged his troubles to his own breast these many years, and was not accustomed to speak sensitive subjects with him.

But the ready sympathy which he saw upon the countenances of his comrades was a new sensation to the lonely lad, and he found no further hesitation about opening his heart to them.

"Don't make any mistake in the start, boys, for the trouble that lies between Alexander Gregory and myself can never be patched up, though if he had his way it would be. But I can never forget that his iron will embittered the whole of my poor mother's life. I've seen her cry many the time, and under my breath I cursed that hard-hearted old Scotchman, who, because his daughter married a man against whom he chanced to have a spite, refused to forgive. He's a cold-blooded monster, that's what he is, and I would tell him so to his face."

I suspected that he bore that relationship to you—grandfather—there's considerable about your faces that gives the secret away," remarked Cuthbert.

"I may look like him in face, but thank Heaven I'm a true Dugdale in my feelings. I know you'll agree with me, if I tell the story about, because it rguses up the old feelings inside, and sad memories always make me hate him more and more. After my mother and father died, which was long than a year ago, he heard of it somehow, and has tried to make up with me ever since, sending messengers to me, and even me to come and live with him; but this repentance came too late, for she was not there to see that he was sorry. I was utterly refused to even hold any correspondence with the man who would have let his own child go hungry or freeze to death because she would not come and ask his forgiveness, something my father would never hear of.

"What he had do you think, finding that I wouldn't come to him of my own free will, the Controversial Post of the Saskatchewan sent a party of his halfbreeds up to the region where I was living and kidnaped me outright—yes, I was carried a prisoner down the river, and actually confined in a cabin as if I had been guilty of a crime. He had the nerve to send me word at the time, and when I was almost his knowledge, his men thinking they were doing him a favor, and that he would be glad in the morning, when he hoped explanations would bring about an understanding between us—if I persisted in my determination to have nothing to do with him, I would then be free to depart.

"I never so much as sent him an answer, I was so furious at being dragged to his post like a wretch who had robbed traps; but determined in my own way to leave and escape from the cabin, and taking an old canoe, I fled down the river. The rest you know already. That is my story in a nutshell, boys. I could talk for hours, and even then fail to tell you all I went through since I was a little shaver, for I soon learned the ways of my captor, and how she had suffered because her father refused to forgive. She was only a timber-cruiser, a man with little education, but an honest man at that, who was trying to make his own more than a living, and we have many times gone hungry, while he was staking out timber claims for a year, to be lavished upon his one other daughter, who was the favorite of her father, and rather died there in the bush than ask a favor from him. I've seen that proved, and hated Alexander Gregory so for his injustice."

"You understand now what I risked in coming back here; but when I reasoned it out that I could not be a man if I allowed not keep me against my will, for he's never been appointed my guardian that I know of, I determined to come, and stick with you, no matter what happened.

"Then your other daughter—is she with him still?" asked Cuthbert, who had a son for lonely quarters.

"No, I understand that she was also taken by her father's orders to Ontario, where turned out to be a bad man, and had to get out of the country, because the police were on his trail, and keen on sight for good reasons. So you see, that stubborn will of Alexander Gregory has worked evil in this way, has not brought him very much good luck, and I'm not sorry one bit."

"Did the other daughter have any children?" pursued Cuthbert.

"I don't know; but what makes you ask?" said Owen, quite quickly, as though he took his comrade in the face.

"Because, unless I am very much mistaken I heard a girl's laugh in that big cabin where he has his home, a merry laugh that seemed to ring out like a bell. I wanted to join in with a ha-ha of my own. Is that to be she's your cousin, Owen."

That was indeed a master stroke on Cuthbert's part, and well played, too.

Owen looked startled.

"Cousin—a girl—related to me," he muttered, as if unable to grasp the enormity of the thing; then a flush crept over his swarthy face, as though the new thought was a more or less pleasing to him; for, poor lad, he had of late believed himself to be utterly alone in the big world, saving this hard-hearted grandfather, whom he refused to recognize.

This gave him new food for reflection; and the young philosopher who had shot the shaft fancied that the intelligence might have more or less influence in determining his future relations with the factor—the human heart craves sympathy above all things, and this can seldom come so well from strangers as from those of one's own family, though he ever thicker than water.

Owen went about the preparations for the night, swamping the oats for his two comrades, and his own humble blanket bed; but evidently he was wrapped in deep thought, and Cuthbert believed he had set current in motion that was bound to have much influence over the future.

If he could only arrange to have Owen meet the owner of that pretty laugh, he fancied the rest would be easy.

With this idea in his mind he sauntered in the direction of the factor's headquarters, half-meaning to secure another interview, when in the other, at which, perhaps, matters might be threshed out, and light let in upon all the darkness now.

He changed his mind, however, when he found Mr. Gregory wrapped in the midst of his employes, who had come down the river in a big batteau with the furs. He was eating their supper, and evidently had brought news of considerable importance, for they evidently sought an interview with the chief; and when Cuthbert glanced at the door upon departing, he noticed the closer together over some sort of a map, while one of them was talking.

Nevertheless Cuthbert could not refrain from keeping his eyes about, in the hope that he might catch a glimpse of the one who laughed; and just as he was about to turn back to the camp of his friends he did catch a sound that immediately attracted attention, and caused him merriment, it was rather a lugubrious little song, sung half-under the breath—as if that possibly had the power to bring before the mind of the little singer the face of the dear mother who had taught her to sing it a song that affected even Cuthbert as he stood with bowed head and hat-in-hand.

Presently the sound ceased, and he heard a flutter near by, when something that was caught a glimpse of a little figure passing into the rear of the cabin; as the door was open he could see the lamp-light of a girl of some six or seven, slight of figure, and with the golden hair and the face of an angel.

Cuthbert laughed to himself as he looked for he was thinking of his friend Owen, and what a change would come over him if he made the acquaintance of this little fairy of the wilderness.

He now returned over to where some of the trappers and voyageurs had a fire, at which they had cooked their supper earlier in the night, and about which they were now reclining, smoking and exchanging stories connected with the wild life led by all.

By one and any particular attention to the lad, save to give him a place at the fire, and offer him a tobacco pouch, which, of course, he declined, saying to the amazement of the big woodsmen smoking that he had never learned the art of indulging in the weed.

He understood enough of the French patois to follow what was said, and felt that he might learn much of the world also by spun concerning the astonishing wonders of the Great Frozen Land, which, in the immediacity, had been tempted to venture into the North-West Territories, never realized now that it would surely have proven his tomb had he been allowed to proceed thither, unless after him a Hudson Bay party was ready to follow him to the uttermost parts of the earth and bring him back.

Presently, when he had broken the ice by becoming a little familiar with the voyageurs on the right, a rather pleasant-faced fellow in the picturesque uniform of the Hudson Bay Company, he ventured to ask about the sweet little singer, whose voice had charmed his ear, and as he suspected, it turned out that she was a child of the factor's younger daughter, her name Jessie, which was Scotch enough to please Cuthbert's romantic fancy) and that she had always been at the post, a queen of endearment for whom any of them would willingly have died.

CHAPTER XIII.

OWEN'S BATTLE WITH HIMSELF.

Cuthbert was more than pleased with his discoveries; for he believed that it would after all not be so very difficult to bring about some sort of a reconciliation between the young Canadian and his ancestor, the old factor, whose heart had lost much of its flinty nature long since under the ministrations of this little golden-haired witch, and was really hungering to remedy his conduct of the past, as far as possible.

If he did nothing more than joining these two, Cuthbert could congratulate himself that his mission to the great Saskatchewan region had not been in vain.

He hunted Eli up at once, determined to form some sort of plan whereby such a desirable end might be attained.

Fortunately Eli was alone in their tent, and when the other questioned him before speaking, not wishing Owen to hear them discussing his affairs, Cuthbert learned that the third member of the party had gone out quite a while before, saying that he would return by the time they were thinking of retiring.

Cuthbert fancied that it was the mention of the little cousin that had affected him so; perhaps even at that moment Owen was hovering about the headquarters of the factor, in the hope of getting a glimpse of the owner of the sweet voice.

So Eli was placed in possession of all the facts as learned by his chum, and as of old they discussed the situation; for while the boy from the lumber region lacked the education and polish that were Cuthbert's birthright, he did possess a shrewd mind, and had homely ideas of what was good and true—this had been the very thing that attracted the Virginian to him in the start, and the more he saw of Eli the stronger grew his affection, until it bade fair to become another David and Jonathan relationship.

On his part Eli was more excited than usual, because he had made a discovery while talking to one of the voyageurs during his friend's absence; which was to the effect that there was a place not a day's journey from the post where such specimens as the other showed, indicated a rich vein of copper.

This was Eli's hobby, it must be remembered, and the possibility of his running across a streak of luck thus early in the campaign gave him great joy.

Cuthbert had dismissed all thoughts of ill-feeling toward the treacherous Dubois from his mind; since the scheme, whatever it might have been, had not panned out worth a cent, he could afford to let the matter drop.

He had about come to the same conclusion as Owen, which was to the effect that it had been arranged with Stackpole to keep an eye on the outfit until the young and foolhardy explorer had gone far beyond the pale of civilization, when Dubois was to join forces with the cunning timber-cruiser, and between them they would manage to squeeze as big a sum as possible out of Cuthbert as ransom money, though perhaps they meant to be wise enough not to commit themselves in any manner so that the Canadian law could seize upon them.

When they had partly arranged this intended plan of action, and fixed matters so that on the morrow they could open the game, the two young conspirators hoped to get ready for turning in.

There was certainly no need of keeping watch here, for they were in the stockade bounds of the fort, and within a biscuit-toss of the factor's headquarters; no prowler would dare molest them here; and if he did Owen would stand to be the chance of his running up against a 30-30 from the forceful little Martin-Spencer that must discourage his sneaking propensities.

Where could Owen be?

Surely the boy would not sneak away, after so boldly accompanying them to the Hudson Bay post—he had as much as promised to stick by them up to the time they expected to return to civilization; and if Cuthbert was any judge of human nature Owen Dandale was not the one to go back on his word.

And it was very unlikely that anything could have happened to him off in the dense forest, where he was so much at home—the men connected with the post were well aware that the factor frowned upon such a thing as kidnaping and who shoved the unmost reluctance to visit his relative, and consequently they would leave him severely alone this time as well; and as for the timber-cruiser, he knew the bond of blood existing between the lad and the strange factor, and with the inevitable consequences staring him in the face if he raised his hand again toward Owen, he would not dare arouse the ire of Alexander Gregory for anything.

Somehow Cuthbert could not get to sleep.

He was constantly thinking of Owen and his fortunes, weaving castles in the air that might be fulfilled, providing the story of young Canuck could be convinced that it was right and proper for him to become reconciled with his grandfather, and let bygones be forgotten.

So an hour or two passed.

Cuthbert finally arose and cast his blanket aside, for he had not made use of his sleeping bag on this night.

Stepping out of the tent he looked around; the night was fair and not a sign of trouble could be detected in atmosphere or sky, for the heavenly monitors drove overhead with their usual brilliancy, and there was not much of a tang in the drowsy night wind.

Cuthbert thought it suspiciously quiet, knowing how it often grows calm before a storm.

Really he was beginning to feel worried a bit about the non-appearance of Owen, when he caught the soft sound of footsteps, and the object of his solicitude appeared close by.

"Hello, keeping watch!" he asked, a little surprised to find one of his companions up and looking around.

"No, I just happened to wake up, and not finding you in the shack, crept out to take a peep around, and see if there was any sign of your coming. I had begun to fear our mutual friend, Mr. Stackpole, might have waylaid you, old fellow; but now I see I was wrong. You've been taking a bit of exercise no doubt—didn't get enough on our way here, eh? It did me up, all right, and I was glad to drop down and rest. Now you're in camp I'll resume my nap," answered Cuthbert, leaving it to the other as to whether he wanted to explain.

Owen seemed a trifle confused, but he was a straightforward fellow, and without a trace of guile in his make-up.

"To confess the truth, Cuthbert, I hung around for a long time, to get a glimpse of that little cousin you spoke of, and fortune was kind enough to let me see her several times. Just as you say she looks like a fairy, and could have made me think of a picture I have of my mother when she was young. And while I'm about it I might as well own up that the sight of her, together with the thoughts swarming into my mind, caused me to wander off into the woods, where alone I could fight the whole thing out, and come to such a conclusion as the mother I loved would have had me do. It's been a hard battle, I tell you, but I think I've won out," he said, with a quiver in his voice; and it was easy to see that the lad had been recently rocked by emotions that for some time he had succeeded in keeping under restraint—the sight of a pretty girl reminding him so of the fond parent whom he had lost, and brought those things trooping into his mind.

Cuthbert understood better than words could have told him what the nature of that battle under the stars must have been; and could now his sympathy for this new but dear chum he impulsively thrust out his hand and gripped that of Owen.

"I'm awful glad to know it—say no more, old fellow, for I can guess a pretty good guess how it turned out. Come, tumble into your blankets and get some of your beauty sleep. There, there, not a word, or you'll have me blubbering like a baby myself. Good night, Owen, and may you dream of your little cousin!" he added, with a chuckle.

Owen was accustomed to turning in at a minding, as it were, and was soon fast asleep, with simply pulling off his boots or moccasins, whichever he chanced to be wearing; for a life in the woods does not allow of the superfluous garments to be found when in other two boys only removed their outer garments, though when the weather had been mild Cuthbert had indulged in the delight of pajamas; but the first frost had chilled his ardor in that line, and he had gradually come to copying Eli, who had the habits of the longer part of the great Michigan woods, and waived all ceremony.

When ten minutes had passed Cuthbert decided from the regular breathing that came from the spot where the Canadian lad lay that he was far along the road to the Land of Nod; and giving a satisfied grunt, himself turned over, to let himself slip away on the tide.

Those who spend much time in the woods, and sleep in camps, are restless during the night, and rarely sleep through without one or twice arousing, lifting their head to listen through habit or caution, or even crawling out to renew the fire. True, there was no need of these things now with our boys; but nevertheless Cuthbert seemed to rest under the impression that it would not be a good thing to break a settled habit; and so along about one o'clock in the morning he poked his head out of the tent to take a perfunctory look around; just as an old and weary sailor, from habit, forks his head up while passing along the street of a city, not so much to see any the skyscrapers that tower above him, but from sheer habit of gimeing aloft at the shivering sails of the old hooker upon which he labored twenty hours of the day.

He found that the sky was covered with clouds, and there was beginning to be quite some wind—indeed, it may have been a corner of the tent which was whipping monotonously in each rising gust that had aroused him.

Anyhow, he bent down and secured the flapping end, so that it would not awaken the others with its antics; after which he took another survey of the situation, and again crawled under cover, convinced that by the dawn they might anticipate a storm of some kind.

It was a bit pleasant to know that they were now in such a decent sort of shelter, and could keep quite dry, no matter how the rain came down; and if it so happened that the first real touch of winter was sprung upon them, why surely it would not be hard to keep cozy, with plenty of wood to burn, and a storehouse so close at hand, from which any amount of provisions could be obtained, since he possessed the "open sesame" in the way of cash.

He thought he heard Owen move as he crawled back into the tent again, but was not quite positive; and he did not want to arouse both of the others, in case they were asleep, by asking questions.

The last he remembered after that for some time was of lying there and listening to the increasing moan of the wind among the tops of the great hemlocks that stood close by the corner of the stockade; it seemed after a time like a lullaby soothing him to sleep, for Cuthbert was too old a hand at this sort of game to allow himself to grow nervous over the coming of a little whirl, such as this no doubt would prove to be.

Then he lost consciousness, and slept heavily, unmindful of the wind, the mournful hoot of a great Northern owl in the dead tree near by, or even the howls of big gray timber wolves grown bold with the rearness of winter.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

Some one, violently shaking him, brought Cuthbert once more to his senses, and he aroused to the fact that it was Eli, who kept shouting in his ear:

"Wake up—wake up, there's the dickens to pay—get up and help, old man—they need us bad—get up, I say, get up!"

That was certainly quite sufficient to thoroughly arouse any one, no matter if he had been a stoggard, and surely Cuthbert could be called that not, with a toss of the blankets, he scrambled to his feet; then, mechanically as it were, he put on his boots, he hastened to snatch up his boots and pull them on.

All this only took a few seconds of time, but during the brief period Cuthbert was dazed with the awful clamor that was making the welkin ring without; for it seemed as though every known demon of the wind accumulated to help carry out the idea that Gabriel was blowing his last trumpet, with the end of the world close at hand.

He knew men were shouting madly, and from the voices it was plain that those who thus gave tongue were both Cree Indians and Canadian voyageurs; for there was no one gone back to their French tongue with the fervent adherence—then it struck the Virginia lad that another sound which he had heard was very much along the lines of the louring flames, and immediately the conviction forced itself upon him that in some manner the fort was on fire, or indeed, perhaps by some enemy of the factor, such as Dubois or Stackpole, and in either case was danger of the conflagration leaping the barrier and catching the houses within the compound.

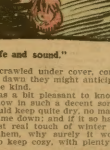
This discovery had he thrust his nose outside the tent than he gave utterance to an exclamation of mingled surprise and consternation.

It was a fire all right, but not of the character he had suspected—the roaring sound was produced by the wind whipping the flames into an angry flood, but it was hewn timber, not cracking, tree that were ablaze,

"Here she is, grandfather, safe and sound."

Free to You—My Sister

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.



I am a Woman.
I have been a sufferer.
I have found the cure.
I will make it free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions, to any sufferer from women's ailments. I wanto tell every woman suffering from any form of female complaint, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell them how I was cured at home without the help of a doctor. May can not understand women's sufferings as we understand how they suffer, unless they have suffered ourselves. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea, Female Disharges, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Menstruation, Ovarian and Uterine trouble. I will also paint in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling, chills, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by female weakness peculiar to our sex.

I will not only give you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor, but I will enclose with it some of the most valuable information regarding your home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness, Suppression, Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies, Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes weak, strong, frump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment will also the book. Write today, as you do not see this offer again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 457, * * SouthBend, Ind., U. S. A.

12 Full Bottles LACKLAND Straight Kentucky Whiskey —100 PROOF— $4.20

A Record Breaking Whiskey Offer

This offer is bringing us thousands of new regular whiskey customers, for never before in the history of the whiskey business has it been equaled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey we sell for $4.20.

Send us $4.20 and we will at once express 12 Full Bottles, Bottles of LACKLAND Straight Kentucky WHISKEY, 100-Proof Straight LACKLAND WHISKEY, guaranteed under the National Pure Food Law and prepaid to your nearest railroad station. Sweet, the most wholesome and best flavored whiskey made. Being 100 Proof it is not a blend, compound or imitation, but a pure, straight, 100-Proof whiskey, and guaranteed so. This is the same fully matured whiskey which is so highly recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes on account of its purity and full strength. No better whiskey to be had.

After you receive the whiskey and drink one full bottle and put it to any test you desire, if you do not say that it is the finest whiskey you ever tasted, regardless of price, you may return the other eleven bottles and we will promptly refund your money without a question. Remember, we guarantee every bottle of Lackland Whiskey to be 100-Proof. It is not the weak, watery kind, but is of full strength. All shipments made same day order is received, in plain sealed package. Make remittance payable to

LACKLAND DIST. CO., Mail Dept. 14, St. Louis, Mo.

one of the houses. In fact, with an end a seething mass of flames.

Cuthbert knew not what to think, save that possibly some enemy had done this; but he was quick to lend his aid to save whatever the contents might be.

Accordingly he hastened in that quarter.

Already he had discovered that while he slept a storm had swept down upon the region of the Saskatchewan, and was howling through the forest and over the waters with demoniac glee, though as yet not a drop of rain had fallen, or a flake of snow descended, though one or the other must come in time.

But that mad breeze was a bad thing for a fire, since it would whip the flames until they tore loose from all human control, to carry ruin in their train.

Cuthbert was not alone in his rush toward the burning building, since from various directions human figures were to be seen centering in that quarter; for the employees of the fur company were certainly loyal, and willing to do all that men might in order to save property or lives.

At first Cuthbert imagined that it was the storehouse, and while the burning of its contents might cause some inconvenience, there was still time to replenish the stock before winter set in fully, so that he seemed to be only a question of a money loss at the most.

But as he approached, his eyes trying to pierce the cloud of smoke that hung all about the burning building, he began to sense the import of the wild cries that were being uttered about him, a Cree shouting to a voyageur, or it might be one of the French

TRAPPER'S GUIDE FREE

Cash For Skins

You get the highest prices and the quickest returns when you ship your furs to Funston, Coon, and Company, Limited, of St. Louis. Over 1,000 buyers are employed by this one firm direct from trapping districts. Ten other firms direct from trapping districts are represented at our sales. The biggest American and foreign buyers are regular sales, which run from $500,000 to $1,000,000 at each sale. Our big sales enables us to get higher competition among buyers, which is the only way we can send you the most money for your furs, and send it quicker.

Big Money in Trapping While work on the farm is slack, do some trapping. It's easy and quick. Many trappers make $100 to $200 per month. Write today for Catalog No. 20 and Trapper's Guide. Ship your furs to us and get the most money. We want your trapping experience. Write for them today. Just now, for a limited time, we are paying for furs and will send you a check at once.

Funsten Bros. & Co. 74 Elm Street, St. Louis, Mo.

$1.00 A MONTH BUYS THIS SEWING MACHINE

We will sell you a high-grade, drop-head, five-drawer Sewing Machine for $1.00 a month. We guarantee each machine for ten years. Weighs about 140 pounds. Has all attachments necessary to do any kind of sewing. Will do as much work as a machine that costs $100. Has automatic lift, self-threading shuttle, self-regulating tension, and many other improvements found only on high-priced machines, such as short, needless stitch, self-setting needle, four-motion feed, high arm, etc. We want you to write for our free illustrated catalog and our special factory-to-family proposition. Remember, you are not asked to pay a penny in advance. We ship the machine to you for free examination in your own home. If you like it, pay us at the rate of $1.00 a month. If you don't like it, send it back at our expense and we will refund your money. We are not asking you to buy a cheap machine. Our machine is the best that can be made. We are not asking you to pay for it until you have seen it and tested it in your own home. We have many special features about our machine, such as short, needless stitch, self-setting needle, four-motion feed, high arm, etc. We want you to write for our free illustrated catalog and our special factory-to-family proposition. Remember, you are not asked to pay a penny in advance. We ship the machine to you for free examination in your own home. If you like it, pay us at the rate of $1.00 a month. If you don't like it, send it back at our expense and we will refund your money. We are not asking you to buy a cheap machine. Our machine is the best that can be made. We are not asking you to pay for it until you have seen it and tested it in your own home.

FACTORY PRICES — SAVE FULLY ONE HALF

We sell at factory prices and save fully one half. We cut out all the good points in this advertisement, and we couldn't crowd all the good points on the machine. We have cut out all the useless ones. We have cut out all the useless ones to give big values and low prices. We sell at factory prices and save fully one half. We sell at factory prices and save fully one half. We sell at factory prices and save fully one half. We sell at factory prices and save fully one half.

Write us a postal or letter today. Address CO. SHERFIELD M'F'G. CO. Dept. 5, 1422 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Paxtine

TOILET ANTISEPTIC

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR

A little Paxtine dissolved in hot water makes a strong antiseptic solution of extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and deobdorizing power—perfect for hand-use and most economical. There is nothing like it.

FOR SALE AT DRUG STORES, 50c. OR POSTPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE SAMPLE FREE!

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE TEETH Paxtine excels any dentifrice in cleansing, whitening and removing tartar from the teeth. Besides it destroys the germs of decay and disease which ordinary tooth preparations cannot do.

THE MOUTH Paxtine used as a mouth wash drives out the foul mouth and throat, purifies the breath, and kills the germs which collect in the mouth, causing sore throat, bad breath, and often the grippe, nasal and bronchial diseases.

THE EYES When inflamed, tired, ache and burn may be instantly relieved and strengthened by Paxtine.

Used in bathing Paxtine destroys odors and leaves the body antiseptically clean.

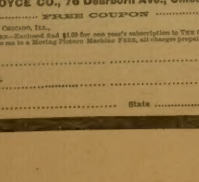
CATARRH Paxtine quickly destroys the germs that cause catarrh, remove accumulated secretions, heals the membranes, and restore free breathing. It is a wonderful remedy for catarrh.

Moving Picture Machine

THE LATEST THING OUT — FREE — AN ENTIRELY NEW INVENTION

With Two Sets of Pictures

EASY TO OPERATE + INTERESTING TO OLD AND YOUNG ALIKE + NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER



IT COMES PACKED IN A NEAT BOX + WE PAY ALL SHIPPING CHARGES + YOU SHOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT

SPECIAL OFFER!

We will send one of these machines complete with two sets of pictures—"The 20th Century Limited" and "The Arrival of the Circus"—with one year's subscription to **The Chicago Ledger.**

The cases of these machines are prepared from tin, and when a very neat appearance. The pictures are photographed from life, and when viewed in action through the powerful lenses they are magnified so they produce a wonderfully life like and realistic effect.

We do not need to tell you of the value of the **Ledger**—this copy speaks for itself. Every copy is full of interesting reading. It is worth five times the subscription price—and we offer this new moving picture machine **absolutely free** to each person who subscribes at once. Fill out this Free Coupon, send it with $1.00 for one year's subscription and we will send the machine at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., 76 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FREE COUPON

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

GENTLEMEN—Enclosed find $1.00 for one year's subscription to THE CHICAGO LEDGER. This coupon entitles me to a Moving Picture Machine FREE, all charges prepaid.

Name.....

St., P. O. Box, or R. F. D.....

Town..... State.....

halfbreeds to a fellow; and as the nature of their shouts broke in upon his intelligence he felt a new thrill of alarm.

It was not the store building, but the residence portion that was afire; and Cuthbert remembered like a flash that the little cousin of Owen had her quarters there, as well as the old factor.

He looked around hurriedly, expecting to see both close by; but to his horror he failed to do so.

What could it mean—where was the factor, head of the post, the Scotchman, who, despite his age, had seemed to the boys so like an oak—one of those trees that seem to have something flendish back of this conflagration, and that Alexander Gregory had been first of all stricken in his house before the match was applied?

It was an awful thought, strong enough to make Cuthbert's blood run cold; but before he could communicate his fears to any one he heard a roar as of a lion, and saw the factor come tumbling through smoke and flame—he rolled over upon the earth once or twice, while the Virginia lad fairly held his breath in suspense, for it seemed as though the valiant old chap might have received his death wound while battling with the fire; then, to the delight of Cuthbert, the factor struggled to his feet and began to look around as if in search of some one. Cuthbert, meanwhile, shouting he had a broken leg, meanwhile, shouting out orders in that fog-horn voice that made men quail to obey.

But the little one—where was she—the factor evidently thought must have come forth some time back, for he was not ordering the boys to go and save the stricken building, but to devote their energies toward keeping the flames away from the storehouse.

Owen saw Cuthbert watching him a dream, he saw the factor get to his feet, immediately fall down, to be assisted to his feet again by a couple of the men.

Then came a flying figure up to his side—it was Owen, who had never vowed never to speak to him as relative again so long as he lived, but whom Cuthbert knew had just recently repented of his obstination, and was ready to meet his grandfather half-way, in the morning.

He seemed to seize upon the old man and shout something at him—what it was Cuthbert could not hear, so furious was the whoop of the wild and fierce roar of the sweeping flames; but he guessed it to the dot; for he knew beyond a doubt that the Canadian lad was demanding to be told where the girl slept, for she had not been seen since the fire broke out.

Old Gregory became a frantic man on the spot, for his whole life was wrapped up in little fairy; he tried to rush forward himself, but went down to a heap, struggled to his hands, with the agonizing look of despair in the unseeing eyes.

Cuthbert could not hear, so furious was the whoop of the wild and fierce roar of the sweeping flames; but he guessed it to the dot; for he knew beyond a doubt that the Canadian lad was demanding to be told where the girl slept, for she had not been seen since the fire broke out.

Old Gregory became a frantic man on the spot, for his whole life was wrapped up in little fairy; he tried to rush forward himself, but went down to a heap, struggled to his hands, with the agonizing look of despair in the unseeing eyes.

Then Owen, with the quickness of a born woodsman, realized that the old factor must be rescued at all hazards, and, turning, he shouted to Cuthbert to help him.

Cuthbert gave a gasp, and feared he had seen the last of Owen; but he felt a thrill of admiration because of the daring act—it was worth while to rescue that his first cousin, the Canadian lad had been correct, and that when the occasion called for an exhibition of valor Owen had risen to meet it in a way that must excite admiration among all men who honored true bravery.

The picture was one that would never fade from the mind of Cuthbert—leaning up against one of the palisades Alexander Gregory seemed to sink into a stupor, as he watched the spot where the lad had vanished, wringing his hands in the intensity of his anxiety—twice he made a spasmodic movement as though intending to bolster forward and plunge into that vortex of fierce flame himself; but each time a groan was forced from him that he discovered that that his leg was really useless, the sprain being serious.

Cuthbert wished he knew of something that he could do to help, but since the one had vanished there was no sign, and to simply follow after him would mean a triple tragedy, an altogether too horrible one.

Eli was at his elbow, and together they pushed as close to the burning walls as possible, eagerly scanning the windows above the first sign of Owen, and meanwhile, shouting at some halfbreeds, who were staggering under the weight of a ladder which they had found close by, and guessed might be useful in some sort of an emergency.

Cuthbert held his breath.

He really had very little hope of ever seeing his new friend again, for there did not seem to be one chance in a dozen for any one to issue forth from that fiery furnace alive, since this was not the day of miracles.

It was like an age to him, though in all probability but a minute had really rolled by since Owen vanished through the doorway; and yet during that interval the fire had gained more headway, despite all efforts of the gathered employes of the Hudson Bay Company, by means of the water, pumped through a hose, and by means of an old hand-engine kept always in just such an emergency.

A hand gripped Cuthbert's arm, and turning his head quickly he found that it was Eli who had thus unconsciously caught hold of him—probably the tremendous excitement had weakened the backwoods lad, so that he clutched at the nearest object as he leaned forward toward one of the windows, as though some movement might have caught his attention there.

His campmate naturally enough cast his eyes in the same quarter, as if sudden hope had sprung into existence; but it was to see the flames shoot out of the window in a manner that must have utterly precluded the possibility of Owen making an exit there.

Cuthbert groaned aloud, filled with dismay —it was a horrible thought that thrust upon his mind, for there is something unusually agonizing in a death by fire, and it seemed as though the last chance had gone when the demon of the flames thrust his grinning visage out of that window.

Then Eli gave vent to a sudden shout close to his ear, so that he heard what was said even above the frightful roar of the wind and crackle of flames:

"The roof—look up yonder over the eaves —hurra, he's got her—bully for Owen, I say!" was what Eli shrieked.

Wonderful to say, the brave Canadian lad had indeed pushed out through some sort of a window, and was in the sloping roof, the presence of which seemed to be unknown to him; and just as Eli had declared, he was carrying a little limp figure in his stout and willing arms, none other than his cousin Jessie, the darling of the old factor's heart.

Cuthbert was stricken dumb for the moment, but all seemed so like the hand of Providence in the things so that the wandering boy might come into his own.

Gregory gave out a cry that was more like a roar of exultation, for he had been down in the depths of despair, and the sight of his lissome lassie still in the land of the living acted like a spur upon him—he stretched out his arms in the direction of those upon the roof, and again endeavored to hasten toward them, only to fall over once more helpless upon the ground.

Then Cuthbert awoke to the fact that while his chum had done a bold thing, and for the moment cheated the flames of their intended sacrifice, he was not yet safe, for all around the flashing tongues of fire gathered for a last effort at accomplishing the dread work, so that the twain above seemed hemmed in.

So Cuthbert shouted to those who carried the ladder, and helped to turn the stream of water upon one spot where the fire was weakest; rushing with those who were preparing to place the ladder, he seized hold of the blessed thing and urged it there to raise it against the wall at that particular point.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSION.

Eli was determined to be in the game, too, and with the ardor of one who was engaged in creating a chance for the escape of the two upon the roof, he too got hold of the timber and several men forward, bearing armfuls of pelts that others had just drawn from the store before they knew they were especially costly skins, and the lot might be worth a dozen times that at the moment, with those two precious lives in peril, to the brave factor there they were as dross, and he would only too willingly have stood the loss of the whole kit could he by this means save the beloved life of dear to his old heart.

With these Eli meant to fashion some sort of buffer, that would break the fall should the couple above find themselves compelled to jump; and it was a splendid scheme to be formed on the spur of that dreadful moment, one that Cuthbert knew could forget, or cease to praise.

Meanwhile, he was pretty busily employed at his own affair, placing the ladder against the building, and directing those who had held the hose to keep the stream of water cleaning up and down that particular quarter.

Owen could not see everything that was being done, but he knew from what he had they intended he should do, and once armored of the presence of the ladder he did not hesitate about using the same.

What if the fiery fingers did snatch after him as if determined to be cheated of their prey—the blessed stream of water, cold with the freezing breath of the approaching winter, showered about him, and saved them both from even a serious burn.

Cuthbert was waiting at the foot of the ladder, ready to spring up and render quick assistance if it was needed, but Owen still remained in possession of his powers, and gripped the little girl securely in his arms.

It was as if a new life had suddenly opened up to the lonely lad—this one whom he had saved from the deadly fire—the fire was his own with and his daughter of his mother's sister; and the very touch of the girl's senseless form in his arms sent a thrill of exultation through him.

Cuthbert did not attempt to take the burden from him, for he understood just what it meant for Owen to bring the girl to her grandfather himself; so he fell in behind, calling to the men to desist with their streams, to turn it upon the storehouse, while others gathered up the costly skins that had been thrown down with a good intent.

Alexander Gregory had struggled to his feet again—little did he heed the pains that accompanied his sprain, even though the misadventure crippled him for life, perhaps, and rendered it difficult to stand without help; for his attention was wholly taken up with that still little form that Owen was hugging in his stalwart and affectionate arms.

Jessie had been almost smothered by the smoke, and, although escaping the perils ous such a thing might be, had been careful to wrap something around her head, so that after that the atmosphere reached her less permeated by noxious gases, and Owen gained the ground she had so far recovered as to struggle enough to free her head from this enveloping cloth, and make a movement as though desirous of being released.

But Owen, party overcome himself by the smoke he had inhaled, by the weight he fully understand, and staggering up to the old factor he held out his burden, gasping: "Here she is, grandfather, safe and sound!"

Cuthbert held his breath, and then suddenly gave vent to a shout of joy; for just as he hoped, even if he did not wholly expect it, the factor had cried with delight and thankfulness, simply stretched his arms out, and gathered into his embrace both girl and lad.

Owen was a wanderer no more; but had found his own in the heart of his grandsire. It was a splendid ending to the little forest drama, and Cuthbert was the happiest fellow on the face of the earth at that moment. For he had in the short time he had known Owen grown to feel very warmly toward the manly young Canadian, and nothing that could have happened to himself might have given him one-half the pleasure that this final scene did.

Eli was a demonstrative chap, and he just

squatted down on the spot and cried for very joy; while he did not know the satisfaction of a home himself, still he could rejoice over the fact that his friend had ceased to belong to the grand order of nomads.

There was still considerable to do, in order to keep the fire within bounds, for while the living quarters of the factor had gone too far to be saved, there remained other buildings, some containing stores of great value, and unless the employes of the company were smart the pest would be practically wiped out.

So Cuthbert led them to the assault, and fought fire as valiantly as ever any member of an engine company in a crack tournament could have done in order that his town might wipe the grand prize offered.

The hose proved valuable enough; but only for the assistance of toe wind possibly there might have been another story to tell when the fire finally ceased its mad antics through lack of fuel—it chanced that the breeze was blowing away from the other buildings, and while the shacks smoldered, it could be easily extinguished.

Of course the factor had met with quite a serious loss; but he seemed to care mighty little about this, since his precious darling had been spared; as far as the other things went they could be easily duplicated before the close of winter had fairly settled down upon the Saskatchewan country, and he was well able to stand the penalty in dollars and cents.

Then there was the pride he took in the valiant rescue work of Cuthbert, his eyes were continually turning toward the lad with a softened look in their depths, and it was evident that his heart had become exceedingly tender in respect to this wandering son of his daughter.

He several times called Owen to him to ask if he were certain that he had not recover serious burns while within the blazing house; Cuthbert was plainly of the opinion that a subscription to have the other near him, since his sprained ankle prevented him from moving about.

When morning came he would have a heart-to-heart talk with the lad, and never again must there be a cloud allowed to rise between them—these three who by fate were left of the family now, and they must stick together.

The factor told Cuthbert what might be done to insure them some degree of comfort during the remainder of the cold, and with the assistance of the other lads he saw that it was carried out.

An hour later the excitement had all died away; the ruins of the house of the factor had stood only contained a pile of embers, still smouldering, with an occasional tongue of flame leaping high into the air as the wind was fully extinguished by a fall of rain.

They could hardly settled how the fire had caught; it may have been an accident, but there were those who believed that Stackpole or his pard Dubois had something to do with the disaster; but as they made sure to relinquish their hold on Canada afterward it was never brought home to them.

Mr. Owen was most comfortably inside of a week to accompany the boys down the big Saskatchewan to the nearest town where he could obtain what supplies they were needed to replace what the fire had devoured; during the time of it swinging along with a couple of great battoaus, manned by the French-Canadian voyageurs who sang their boat songs as they rowed, and made things merry around the fire at night time.

Cuthbert and Ell hated to part from the chum who had so quickly won his way to their hearts, and they readily promised to come back and see him on the claiming county when another year rolled around—Ell had in his mind set upon working that copper mine, and Cuthbert had promised to see that the necessary capital was secured with which to develop the paraphernalia such as is used to advantage—if his chum was of the same way of thinking after he had roamed around the world with him.

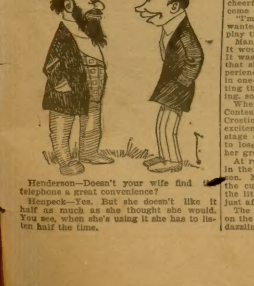
Owen's little cousin had accompanied Grandpa Owen, as "commissary, or enjoyment" was considered essential in choosing some of the household effects; and the last glimpse our twain had of dear old Owen, the erstwhile sad, was hearing with his arm about Jessie, while the proud factor beamed upon them both, and waved his hat with the air of a musician as the voyageurs started.

So Cuthbert after all had found much pleasure in the great Saskatchewan region, even though he failed to map out a new route to Alaska, or earn any of the wonderful secrete hidden in the wide stretches of barrens between the country of the Cress and Slave, Great Bear, and the lonely Hudson Bay.

Many times would his memory go back to the scenes that embraced Owen, the stern old factor, and sweet little Jessie, and again he would live over those days and nights when they were "Canoemates in Canada."

The end.

Strain.



Henderson—Doesn't your wife find telephone a great convenience?

Hespeck—Yes. But she doesn't like it half as much as she thought she would. You see, when she's using it she has to listen half the time.

MANFRED'S DIPLOMACY.

John Manfred regarded with hopeless despair the trembling, colorless little woman who sat in a chair at one side of the stage.

"I won't take that Wilding woman," he said decidedly. "Send her over to Judson. He needs some extras."

"Can't be done," declared Bayes. "She stays with this show."

"Much good it will do," grunted Manfred. "Are you running an annex to a dramatic school that prides itself on its like that when Amy Crostic was born and brought up here to play the ingenue?"

"I don't care if the whole world was created so that the Crostic girl could play the ingenue," Bayes retorted.

"Look here, Manfred," he added more conciliatingly. "This kid is the protege of Tim Cullian. Her father is one of the big men here in the mountains and Tim says she must have her chance. There are always four different violations against the Mormons through the courts, and Tim's May. If we make the repairs the building department threatens it will condemn it. He needs all the changes will have to close the house for a month, and $10,000 rent we shall have to pay whether we are open or not. If the girl thinks Naida we save that $40,000. Cullian will see to it that she is one of the big men I should say that she was."

Bayes turned away with the air of a person who is done, and Manfred swallowed the words of protest that were futile.

The role of Naida was only a "bit"; a dozen speeches in the first act and an occasional remark in the later acts, but her appearance in the play was vital. It was she who would save the keynote, and, handled properly, would make the entire performance.

Tim Cullian was a power, and only through a powerful pull could Bayes keep a condemned theater open through the remainder of the season. Manfred knew this test." Manfred's first produced play, was to be a success or a failure.

Manfred—famous as a stage manager—had watched for just such a thing. His initial week in the early spring Amy Crostic had seemed to realize the part of Naida to perfection. Now that it was the night, and for the season by this weak and colorless performance.

There was a look of determination on Manfred's face as he stepped to the center of order. With the exception of Loretta Wilding the girl with a future the company had been engaged in the trial performance of the piece. It was unnecessary for reading the play, but Manfred, always careful in the selection of what he part was, they plunged at once into rehearsal.

It was a hard time for the girl. Manfred knew that play from cover to cover and over again, criticising her inflection, her gestures, her understanding of the role, finally winding up before the end of the first act with Miss Crostic present in the morning to show how the part should be played.

It was with tired limbs and tearful eyes that Loretta Wilding left the theater and the steps leading from the dingy rehearsal hall. Ben Kilmer was waiting for her at the stage doorway, and Manfred, emerging from the doorway as they turned the corner, walked to his hotel together with the actor whose argument could not.

Before rehearsal was called in the morning, he sought Loretta out and in a more kindly tone than he had yet employed to her suggested that her escort might be saved some embarrassment by dismissing him. Color her, instead of waiting downstairs.

The girl thanked her thanks for the suggestion and interpreted his permission so liberally that Kilmer was invited to lunch-ons with her.

The other members of the company looked for an explosion from the martinet stage manager, but none came. He beamed affably upon Kilmer, however, as the players then sought diligently to prove how little of actor and manager he was.

Manfred knew of old the value of a good looking man's presence on the stage to enhance to a stage career, and if Kilmer wished to argue Loretta off the stage and into matrimony Manfred was rejoiced to provide the argument, even though in doing so he had to bear with the sight of the introduction of the outsider at rehearsals.

Kilmer was present at the preparations of the game. He managed to convey to Kilmer the impression that everything was to aid of Kilmer's hopes and though Kilmer at times longed to thrash him, he could not, for very well he knew with that thrashing to do him a service.

Kilmer was present at last rehearsal that Kilmer was able to report success.

"I've got my self-respect," he said on one of the brief resting spells. "It's been a tough game, but Loretta has promised that she will marry me after the first performance. You can take Miss Crostic along to stay into the part, but Loretta wants to play it just once."

"That will be all right," agreed Manfred cheerfully. "I'll notify Miss Crostic to come along. Why don't you tell her?"

"I'm coming," explained Kilmer. "Loretta wanted me to come and see that she could play the part."

Manfred turned away to conceal a smile. It would be an exhibition beyond question. It was pitiful that the girl should suppose that she could act after her rehearsal experience, but the first week was to be spent in one night stands for the purpose of getting the company in trim for the city opening, so it would not matter.

When the train went out carrying "The Contest" company both Kilmer and Miss Crostic were aboard. Loretta thrilled with excitement at the thought that her brief stage career was starting, and she seemed to long some of the nervousness that was her great fault.

At rehearsal she was as bad as ever, but in the evening she was quite another person.

Manfred, standing in the entrance by the curtain arch, stared in amazement at the little "Naida," who ran upon the stage just after the curtain rose.

The cold, colorless personality had taken on the mask of the character. The girl was dazzlingly pretty and she carried the scene with a force and verve that brought a round of applause on her exit.

Bayes hurried back from the front of the house and approached the stage manager.

"The kid has looked us all!" he cried delightedly. "She was a 'bad rehearser,' that's all. She needs the excitement of tne audience to get her out of her trance, but she makes little Crostic look like a stick."

"I know it," grunted Manfred. "I'd give $100 to have her play the first night in town and just shift to be my honeymoon."

"She'll stay; she'll have to after this. Go and talk to her in the intermission."

Manfred kept away from the intermission and halfway through the next act. He even had to play the game itself—and went out to argue with Kilmer.

It was all of no avail. Kilmer announced that they had been married that afternoon and were determined to go on their honeymoon.

The train with the company was about to pull out and Loretta was saying good-by to the friends of the week-ends. Kilmer wrung Manfred's hand.

"I never will tell you how much obliged I am," he said as the cry of "All Aboard!" sounded. "Both Loretta and I are grateful to you."

"You're welcome," said Manfred grimly, but as the train pulled out and left the star of a night standing on the platform he realized that the play had cost him no dear and Bayes, standing by, murmured "Lucky dog!" which is cold comfort for a diplomat.

Where the Women Propose.

In New Guinea, an island in the Pacific, it is leap year all the time in one important way, for there the women do the proposals of marriages are made by the women. It is considered the height of vanity of the male inhabitants of New Guinea to even notice the proposals of marriage which the women perform must notice the men, and force their fancy to "lightly turn to thoughts of love." One of the girls of New Guinea thinks a strange thrilling in her maiden heart, she promptly makes a present of string to the sister of the lucky man. If he has no sister, he must accept the present of, anyhow, to some female relative. This, because the men and his male relatives are assumed to be the last ones to know that a proposal of marriage is made.

Then the sister says to the man involved: "Brother, I have news; so-and-so is in love with you." It is then the maidenway the man makes an engagement to meet the enamored lady. When they meet it is alone, and not either sister or brother, or the entire population at once. There is no courting, for that is not considered allowed, theoretically, at least, to waste any time on a matter which is soon enough to allow her to make love to him.

The betrothal is quickly announced, and the couple are then seated on a mat, surrounded on the back with charcoal, but the woman's mark of engagement to wed is actually cut into her skin, and is never allowed to completely vanish. It is also inclined to break the engagement, nothing can be done by the offended party.

If the girl changes her mind, and decides that, after all, she sent the little piece of string by mistake, she must, it is apt, however, to catch her sometime alone and thrash her. If the man changes his woman, her relatives often hunt him up and administer a sound drubbing.

His Vacation.

A thoughtful-looking little man, with a comfortable air of prosperity and spectacles and a bunch of rullwey folders under one wing, presented himself at a steamship agency and asked to see a folder and time table for the Cunard railway, which runs down into South Africa.

We have no folders here now, but I can send one to your home. Do you have to have it right away?"

"No, I suppose I can wait," replied the thoughtful-looking man. "I saw a poster in your window one day about that route and I've been thinking for some time table while I'm planning my vacation."

The agent began to sit up. There was a man worth talking to. "You're really thinking of running over to Africa for your vacation?" he asked.

The man grinned back sheepishly. "Not exactly. I do that every year when I plan my vacation I get together all the literature I can on a bunch of lines here covering pretty much everything from the Rocky Mountains to the places on the Jersey Coast, and I thought that that Cunard road would be a nice little diversion after reading about the fair and Georgian Bay. I suppose when it comes right down to it I'll get as far as a run over to Cedar Point for a few days. Oh, don't go to any trouble. If I like the Cunard time table, but if you haven't got it, I suppose I can plan my vacation without it." And with another grin he trailed out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Antiquity of Canned Fruits.

There are many conveniences of the present day which were unknown to the ancients. Still they enjoyed some luxuries which the people of this age have comparative novelties. For instance, a vast number of people suppose that the canning of fruits, an industry which of late years has attained so vast an importance, is of recent growth; but the ancients had learned the art perfectly of a house many jars of preserved figs. These were opened, and the figs found to be fresh and good.

Investigation showed that the figs had been put into jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken, and the next year the preserving of fruit in that way was introduced into America, the process being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago. Those who call them do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes before the dawn of the Christian era.

$3.50 RECIPE CURES WEAK MEN---FREE

Send Name and Address Today

—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to enjoy manly power and vitality quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I believe it will do for you all it has done for others. It is no quack cure of deficient manhood, and vigor failure over got well.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy of my prescription. Could I have reached all who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may safely by sending himself with several patent medicines, secrets what I believe is the most successful restorative, I would do so. No QUACKING remedy ever devised, and so sure am I that this will cure you, that I make the following liberal offer: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 830 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid prescription in a plain ordinary envelope free of charge. Don't send a penny, you would surely think it a fake to merely writing out a prescription like this—but I have nothing to sell.

GAY LIFE In Paris; 3 old maids and 12 gay boys. Interesting book. Sent postpaid. Chas. G. Harrison, Rich.

"CONFESSIONS OF AN ACTRESS." Sensational. Bk. A. KING CO., Andover, Ohio

RICH, fancy post cards, juicy views, man only, 6 for 10c. Rich Co., Box 1, Lockport, N. Y.

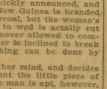
SECRETS of nature, both sexes, all revealed. Illustrated. Globe Pub. Co., Box 69, Augusta, Mich.

SPORTING GOODS Guns, Cards, etc. Catalog Free. Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway, N. Y.

SPORTING GOODS. Guns and Cards a specialty. Catalog free. Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y.

A MAIDEN'S DREAM AND 10 POST CARDS, all sure to please; all 10c. Box 3033, Providence, R. I.

WILFUL MAID Spicy book. Better than Reno. Sent postpaid. 25 cents. Catalogue free. Send for List, Wm. Rec. 887



LOVERS GUIDE, or an Easy Road to Marriage Tells How to Win the Love of Any Person You Desire. How to Read the Future Secrets. How to Make Love. How to Write Love Letters. How to Dress to Please. How to Behave in Company. How to Be Beautiful. How to Be Handsome. How to Be Graceful. How to Be Healthy. How to Be Wealthy. How to Be Wise. How to Be Happy. How to Be Married. How to Be Divorced. How to Be Single. How to Be Rich. How to Be Poor. How to Be Sick. How to Be Well. How to Be Dead. How to Be Alive. How to Be Born. How to Be Unborn. How to Be Anything. How to Be Nothing. How to Be Everything. How to Be Something

FOR THE PUBLIC

New Formula Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Hoarseness In Five Hours.

Much is being done in these days to stop the ravages of consumption, but probably nothing has been so effective as teaching the public how to break up a cold and cure coughs, bronchitis, pneumonitis, etc., with simple home-mixed medicine. A laxative cough syrup is made from whiskey, 54 grains of sugar, Virex, which relieves inflammation and congestion and then in turn are due to an excess of waste and poisons in the system. A tonic laxative cough syrup puts the system of congestion, while relieving the painful coughing. Get the following and mix at home: One-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Shake the bottle and take twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less, according to age. Cut this out and save it for some friend.

WANTS renamed without pain, soreness, or scar. Send 50 cts. Mr. Sassoon, Isaac, orlando, says Cassidy, Ch., Waterville, Me.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE. Everybody interested in real estate. January number of Real Estate Journal mailed Free. Address, 281 Pearl St., N. Y.

SKUNK Highest prices paid for Skunk and other furs. Write M. J. Sloan & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 97.

AUCTIONEERS MAKE BIG MONEY. Write for free catalog. Jas. L. CARPENTER'S COLLEGE, Trenton, Mo.

84 CARDS FOR 10c 84 Gold Text Post Card Set and other good cards Free when you order Xmas Postcards. Send stamp or coin. Conrad Trading Co., 84 Sibley Park, Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

Asthma CURE sent by express to you on Free Trial. Write for it to-day. Address Asthma Cure Co., 1 Asthma Cure Building, Kingsley, 70 & 72 Dey St., Kingsley, N. Y.

$1600 YEARLY is made by Railway Mail Clerks. Thousands more for spring vacancies. Write today for schedule, reduced rates. Free Trial Lessons. Columbian College, Dept. K, Washington, D. C.

HAVE YOU SORE FEET? A complete home treatment for $1.00. Sent prepaid. Leroy S. Dean, Foot Specialist, 1004 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SPANISH Booklet, Words & Books, for Reading Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasure. Fully Guaranteed. Booklet Free. Address, P. & M. AGENCY, 16 New St., Palmyra, Pa.

20 NEW YEAR POST CARDS 10c Silver Edge, Gold Edge, Embossed, Colored, Novelty, Etc. Send 10c and 4 cent stamp for 20 Cards. Your choice of 5 sets. Best ones sent at above price. Money back if not satisfactory. Send 10c to-day. Address, SHIPLEY PUB. CO., Pen Medora, O.

MOTHERS Your children proof of HEALTHFUL, SAFE and PERMANENT CURE of BED-WETTING. Don't neglect it or be disheartened. Write today. SAMPLE FREE. DR. E. MAY, Box H 56, BINGHAMTON, ILLINOIS.

Be an ACTOR or an Actress or Orator Learn at home to earn $25 to $100 weekly. Write for Free Booklet on Dramatic Art by correspondence. Chicago School of Elocution, 1103 Grand Opera House, Chicago.

RHEUMATISM Cured by acids discovered by Dr. Ritter, of Berlin, now declares uric acid is a deadly germ, and that his new discovery, Anuric, kills them and gives positive relief with my Uric Acid Solvent, absolutely and pleasantly. Sold on liberal plan. Mention this paper. R. S. HYATT, Uric Acid Specialist, 59 W. Congress St., Detroit, Mich.

MOUNT BIRDS Learn to mount birds, animals, game heads, fish, etc. We can teach you by mail in your own home or travel. Highest references. Very fascinating and profitable. Decide now to write for our free illustrated catalog. Success guaranteed. Write today to-day. Free Book on Taxidermy and our Game Animal Magazine sent free. N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMY, 41482, Grand Bldg, Omaha, Neb.

LEG SORES

Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA. Stops that awful itching. Relieves soreness and cures while you work. Send for FREE SAMPLE and cure certificate. Sayles Co., 424 East Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

Ladies & Gents Watches FREE Write at once for our Premium List. We give away Watches, Rings, Chains, Silverware, Dishes, Guns, Sewing Machines, Organs, Pianos, Bicycles, Cameras, Graphophones, Sporting Goods, Jewelry, Toilet Articles, Etc. Also Watches and Rings for selling our Perfumes. Write to-day. Address, PERFUME CO., Dept. 1, Chicago.

Hypnotism BECOME A HYPNOTIST!

Anyone May Learn to be a Hypnotist when you wish. Make others love and obey you. Cure disease and make money. Make fun by the hour. Give exhibitions and make money. Success sure. Very small cost. Write for free particulars. Address, PROF. N. D. BETTS, Dept. 15, JACKSON, MICH.

BOYCE'S EXCHANGE

REAL ESTATE

MAKE $1,000 TO $5,000 A YEAR GROWING figs, oranges, nuts and vegetables, in the Great Gulf Coast Country of Texas, the garden spot of America. Our 20 acre tracts of fig trees payable $2.65 down and $2.50 a month, offer the most attractive investments to home seekers and investors in this country. Write for our illustrated literature FREE. Security Land Co., 976 Ridge Building, Kansas City, Mo.

HELP WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—RAILWAY MAIL Clerks, $800 to $1,200 commencing salary everywhere, $800. Rapid advancement to $1,200 or $1,400. Short hours. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Preparation Free. Write immediately for Schedule showing examination places. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 32, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD COINS

$1.25 PAID for rare date 1853 quarters; $20 for a $10 Eagle and many dated values. Send 4c for our New Illustrated Coin Value Book. Write plainly and your fortune. C. F. Clarke Co., Desk 2, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE BOY WHO SMILED.

By Cora Rocke Howland.

They liked to see him come their way—
The boy who smiled.
He put a brightness in their day
Which Care beguiled;
For God had given him this grace,
To have a sweetness in his face,
A radiance mild.

So where he went, went sunshine, too,
Because he smiled
With happiness and courage new
And faith restored.
Sad hearts which fainted 'neath their load
Until they passed upon the road
The happy child.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

Christmas Eve had come again, and happy little faces were at the windows and bright eyes were peering anxiously out into the twilight, waiting for the deeper shades of evening; for beautiful Christmas trees, glittering with bonbons and laden with rare and wonderful gifts, were shut up in back parlors and libraries, and mysterious packages had been arriving all day and had been carefully de-

THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS.

First Darling—What did you do on Christmas day?
Second Darling—I sucked the paint off a red horse.
First Darling—I swallowed a cent and a handful of sawdust.

posited in the closed rooms, while the children were kept in the nursery, with the promise of a visit from good old Santa Claus in the evening.

The streets were thronged with lively, busy people. Papas were hastening home to their firesides and mothers laden with bundles; errand-boys were running to and fro; sleighs were dashing along with sounds of bells and merry voices vibrating on the frosty air; and music, laughter and song, proclaimed that Christmas, dear Christmas, bountiful, generous, kind Christmas, was about to pay the world his annual visit.

But were there only happy hearts in the great city on this blessed Christmas Eve? Ah, no; the bright moon and the brilliant stars looked down on many wretched homes, where little children had not even bread to satisfy their hunger, nor fire to keep them warm; and it was not to be a Merry Christmas to them, but just like the other days, with their pinching poverty in their wretched homes.

Slowly wending his way through the great streets was a little boy not more than eight years old. Only a few tattered garments covered his shivering limbs; his face was pale and thin, and his great blue eyes had a weary, pleading look. But people were too happy or too busy to give a thought to the little ragged boy, who sometimes asked a penny of the passer-by or stopped at a basement door to beg for food. But cook, too intent upon her ices and jellies to listen to beggars, rudely thrust him out, and so the little fellow wandered on, standing sometimes for a moment to gaze in a window where the curtain had been left aside, to look at the beautifully dressed children, and the scene in the richly furnished room seemed to the little outcast like a glimpse into fairyland. And wondering why he was shut from all this happiness with a sigh that was half a sob, he wandered on again, for nobody missed him.

He was an orphan, and was sent out every morning to beg for the food which kept him from starving. On and on he went slowly and more slowly, feeling faint, hungry and tired. Presently he came to a quiet street where the richest were all closed, and, creeping in behind a great box, lay down on the cold walk; but it seemed so nice to rest he did not mind the cold any more, and soon he fell asleep and dreamed—such a happy dream. He was lying on his own little white-draped bed in the cottage that had once been his home. The fragrance of the Juniper which clambered over the windows was wafted in by the soft summer breeze. He heard music—such heavenly music—and his dear mother, who had died, glided softly in and took her little tired boy in her arms and kissed him and rocked him to sleep. Just as he remembered she had done when he was a very little child.

The night grew bitter cold, sleighriders and foot-travelers were safely and snugly at home; the lights on the Christmas trees had burned down, parlors were darkened, happy hearts were wrapped in happy dreams, and wretched ones for a few brief hours forgot their wretchedness. Only the moon and stars peeped in behind the box where lay the little child, white face with its radiant smile.

Christmas morning dawned cold and clear. The bells were ringing merrily, "Merry Christmas!" "Merry Christmas!" The children shouted it, the boys caught up the sound which echoed and re-echoed on the frosty air. Happy-looking parents, and rosy, bright-faced children are on their way to church to spend an hour, and then home again to feasting and merriment.

But what is this coming? Something borne on a litter, with a troop of boys on either side. What can it be? Oh, only a little ragged, foulfeatured boy from the street this morning. The mirthful voices are hushed for a moment, and the kind little hearts are sorry they could not have done something for the little beggar boy, but it is too late, and he is soon forgotten in the sumptuous dinner and the merry games that fill the short afternoon hour full of fun and happiness.

Little, despised, neglected outcast of yesterday! Angel today! Who can tell how far the joys of your Christmas exceed those of the most petted child of luxury, for "I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father."

Greatest Clothes Offer EVER MADE!

Save Half On This $25 Suit Made To Order, Guaranteed Fabrics.

This is positively the biggest good clothes offer ever appearing in this paper.

To Quickly Introduce our fine clothes and overcoats in every town, city and state, we will make to your measure, this fine $25 black thibet serge suit, in three days' time, including fancy braid for $12.50 goods for only.....

Sent on Approval See Before You Pay

We guarantee the perfect fit and satisfaction of every garment. Send for our free catalog, $10 or more. The wonderful low price of the fact that we make you pay.

Skip the Middleman

and sell to you direct from the mill. Your back as fine rock mill price. Write for free samples of the cloth we'll make your suit from, and tape measure, for we will send one suit C. O. D. subject to your most thorough inspection before you pay a cent.

SEND FOR OUR BIG OFFER

free samples, self-measuring blank and the handsomest garment clothes book published. Remember, every suit we make is of good hand tailored, made to measure clothes from cold stock. Write to-day—it will mean a saving of $10 to you.

DIRECT TAILORING CO., 706 SCHILLER BLDG., CHICAGO

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed solicited. Confidential. Dr. E. S. COXWELL, Manager to INSTITUTE Room 539, No. 400 W. 23d St., New York

PRINT Your Own Cards, Circulars, Envelopes, Billheads, Etc. Saves money for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, cards. PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

RUPTURE CURED

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture and tried many trusses in vain. I would die rather than be operated on. I found them and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure Free by mail to all who write.

Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 469, Watertown, N. Y.

I POINT THE WAY TO SUCCESS to ANYONE who will follow my course. I have shown thousands HOW TO MAKE MONEY. Let me show YOU. My goods and business methods have TRIED and PROVED. Honest and scattered prosperity everywhere. Write today for my FREE BOOK PLANS and FREE SAMPLES. Address H. J. ELLIOTT, Mgr., 87 Corliss Block, No. 164 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Watch, Ring AND CHAIN FREE We positively give both a Famous Alton Watch and Ring, Guaranteed 20 years, and a Handsome Chain, all for selling only 20 packages of Bluine at 10 cents a package. Bluine is the best Blue ever sold. Every package guaranteed. Write us and we will send you the Bluine postpaid. When sold send us the money and we will send you the Watch, Ring and Chain by return mail. SATISFACTION. ALTON WATCH CO., Dept. 83, CHICAGO

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

Why despair, if others have failed; send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible cure. Give Express and P. O. address. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Don't delay, and warrant my remedy to give immediate and successful relief. I have thousands of testimonials from those who have been cured. Give express and P. O. address. DR. H. KLINE, P.D., 931 ARCH ST., Philadelphia, Pa. New York

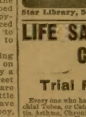
BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Give immediate relief in cases of Hoarseness, Coughs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis and Asthma. Fifty years' reputation as an article of superior merit. Absolutely free from any harmful ingredient.

Sold everywhere or sent postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per box. Sample sent free on request.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, Boston, Mass.

ELECTRICIANS' BOOK



This book tells how to make telephones, call bells, dynamos, batteries, etc., and how to run them. It tells how to do electric gilding in the simple manner. Also how to make induction coils, dynamos, telegraph outfits, and in fact everything pertaining to electricity. Everything is explained simply, and the illustrations are numerous. Any one desiring how everything is done in the electrical line will find this book of great value. Every work with electrical apparatus should have this book. It is the handiest book of the kind ever published. It is a new book, just from the press, and contains 200 pages, and over 100 illustrations. Price, postpaid, only 25 cents. Send stamps or money in coin or bills. Address, Star Library, 500 Dearborn Ave., Chicago.

LIFE SAVER FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Trial Package Free.

Every one who has weak lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial tubes, or Catarrh of the Throat, Chronic Coughs, or Consumption, Bronchitis, Hard Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, soreness or pain in the chest or under the shoulder blades, or any other symptom of Consumption, should send for a trial package of Dr. Hill's New Botanical Remedy. The treatment quickly checks further progress of the disease and produces new vitalizing power, appetite, flesh and good health.

Dr. J. Lawrence Hill, 1877 Hill Building, Jackson, Michigan, gladly sends a large trial package in plain, sealed wrapper, that all may try it and see for themselves that it will do what I claim it will. Curious enough pay for packing, etc., and as an evidence that they are not sending for the trial package out of idle curiosity.